No. 136 July '70

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IN THIS ISSUE:

BOTCH CASUALLY AND THE SOMEDUNCE KID

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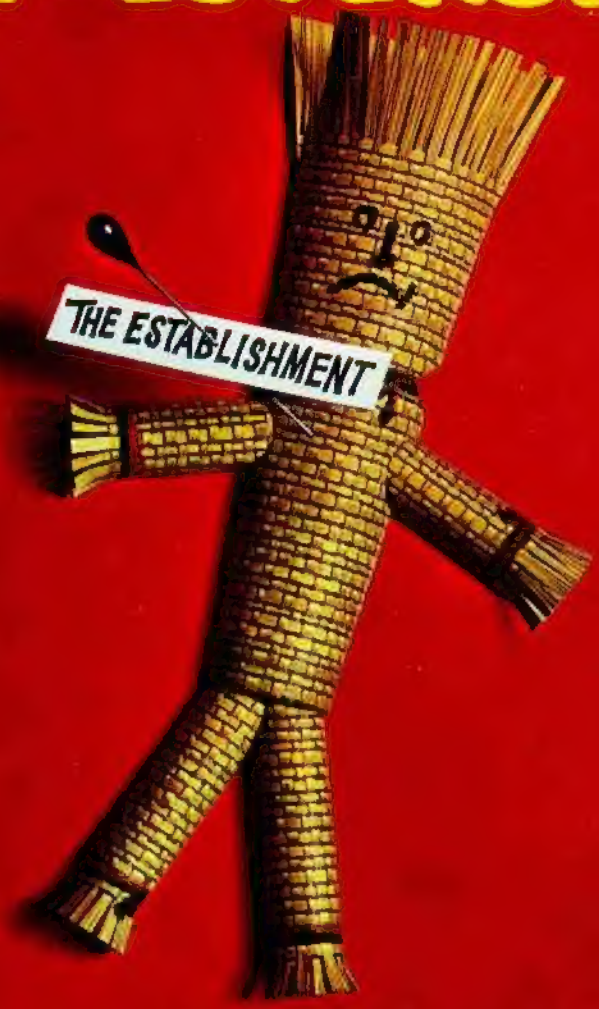

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NUMBER 136 JULY 1970

MAD

"Marriage is like drugs to some people; they keep taking one dope after another!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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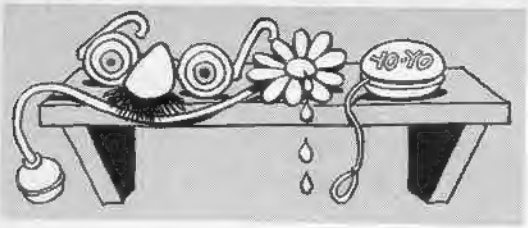
CAN IDIOCY BE A FORM OF SHELF EXPRESSION?



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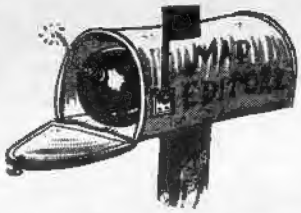

"MIDNIGHT WOWBOY"

Although I'm only fifteen, I somehow got to see "Midnight Cowboy." If all "X" rated movies are like that one, I think it's ridiculous to keep people under eighteen from seeing them. It was a pretty good movie actually, but your writer Stan Hart seems to understand less of the movie than I did. How old is he, anyway?

Chuck Neugebauer
Wilmington, Del.

You said in the introduction to your satire of "Midnight Cowboy" that *"if you are under 16 you couldn't possibly have seen the movie, and therefore you cannot possibly enjoy this MAD satire of it."* I am 18, saw the movie, and still didn't enjoy your satire. So, if I may use your own words from the same introduction once again, *"why don't you use your dopey heads for a change"*, and don't try to write satires on great movies.

Steve Manuel,
College Park, Md.

Thanks for your hospitality when I stopped by the MAD office recently. This "Midnight Wowboy" thing you did was very interesting to read, and I'm not much of a reader. But damn if I didn't get down to reading it in just one sitting. The underwater scene was very touching. But the most amazing thing was that the whole idea struck me as so similar to a movie I acted in once.

Jon Voight,
New York, N.Y.

FAKE-OUT FROZEN FOODS

Sy Reit's "Frozen Foods That Fake Out Fresh" was deliciously funny!

Anthony Di Bono
Cambridge, Mass.

My wife recently spent a day or two in the hospital. To forestall the critical remarks of my children at mealtime I used your "Frozen Leftovers Meal". All they could say after devouring *everything* was "Gee, Dad. When did you learn to cook?"

Gerald G. Jones
Andalusia, Ala.

I was just wondering if my school cafeteria bought your frozen foods . . .

Robert Harrison
Andover, Mass.

SPACE ADS

The Space Mission Ads were great except that they were the truth. Within 2 minutes after the Apollo 12, I heard 3 Space Mission Commercials on the radio involving floor wax, oven spray and used cars.

Roger Schlafly
Alton, Ill.

SPRAY CANS

We think that your "article" on "Spray Can Sprays" was the funniest part of your magazine. Too bad there isn't a spray that one can put on "MAD" to give it an air of intelligence.

J. B. Cekal
J. N. Ram
Montreal,
Canada

The idiocy of our times has out-done you. Although it does not go by the name of "New Car Kick", there *is* a spray to make your car smell like new. Better luck next time.

Karl Mohrmann
Garden City, N.Y.

Live and yearn!—Ed.

Alfred reads over Jon Voight's shoulder.

WONDROUS WOODSTOCK

Congratulations for a job well-done on your article concerning the Woodstock Rock Festival. However, this is one time where your clever satire has been beaten by its own game. As a victim of this exposition, I can verify that there is much more truth in these vivid stanzas and drawing than there is satire. This is the first article I have read which describes the life as it really was at Woodstock. It's getting to the point where people must consult MAD to know what's really happening in this world.

Ed Schlindwein
Edinboro, Pa.

You undertook quite a dare to write about the Woodstock Affair, and criticize the pot and hair and things like that. But we don't care, we'll go again, I hope, this year. Your article was tough 'cause you didn't put it down.

J. Cabanas
South Plainfield, N.J.

MAD MOTHER GOOSE

Congratulations to Frank Jacobs and Jack Davis on "MAD's Up-Dated Modern Day Mother Goose". "Wee Timmy Leary" was so funny I almost fell off my cloud.

Jeff Allen
Palos Verdes, Cal.

ON YOUR OWN

Your "You Know You're Really On Your Own When . . ." article was too true to be funny. This classic has won an honored place on my wall (next to Miss April) where it can be read by all the clowns who really thought they had it rough at home But as usual you clods forgot a prize example:

"You know you're really on your own when . . . You start writing fan letters to MAD in your spare time."

Richard Williams
Bowling Green, Ohio

. . . You know you're really on your own when you're free to waste your money on MAD!

Dave Warner,
Carmichael, Calif.

"GHOST" WRITERS

Cheers and applause for Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo for their marvelous satire of "The Ghost & Mrs. Muir". It was a great spoof on one of the dumbest shows going.

Nora Whittle
Groton, Conn.

"The Ghost and The Mrs. Misses" was boring like the real show! I quit reading it after the first page, like I quit watching "The Ghost And Mrs. Muir" after 5 minutes.

Pam Wilson
Yuba City, Cal.

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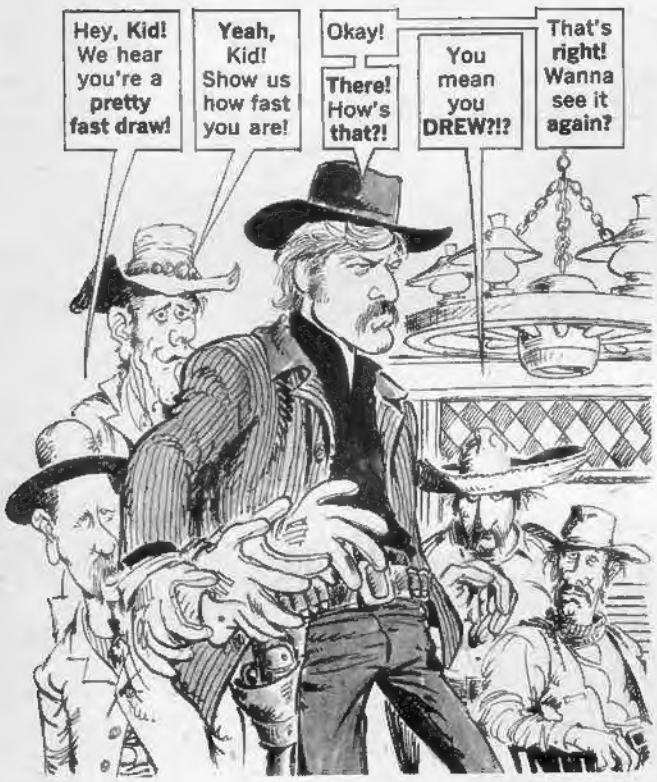
Yep, the end of the world is probably a lot closer than the end of our supply of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid! So if you'd like to help us avoid being stuck with them all come Armageddon, order yours today. Suitable for framing or wrapping fish, they're the livin' end! Mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

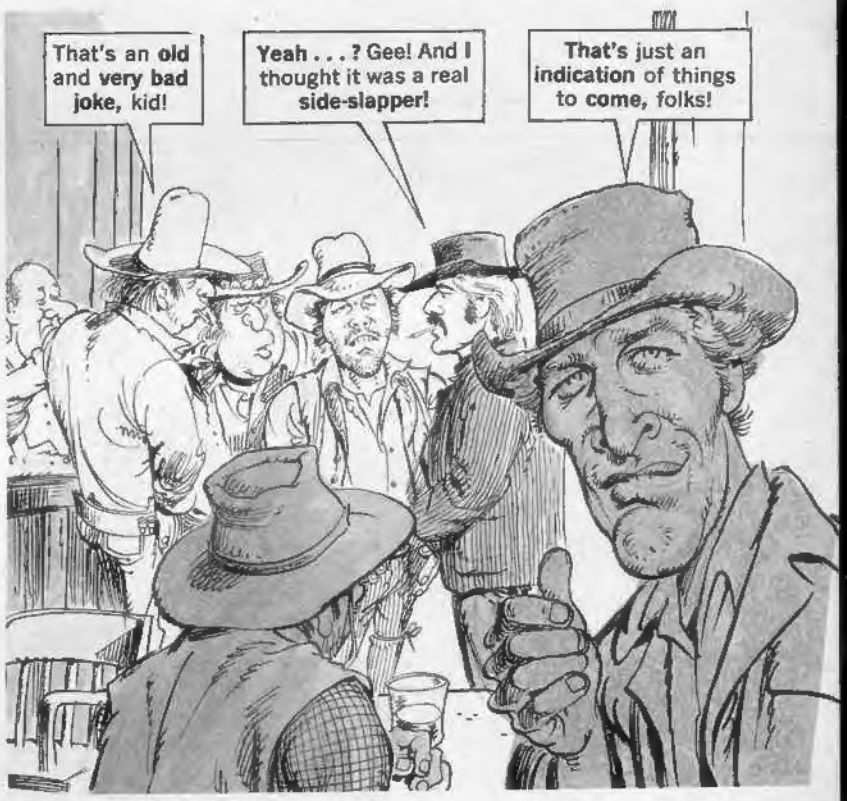
SHOOTING FROM THE "HIP" DEPT.

And now, here is MAD's version of the recent motion picture about those two loveable zany outlaws who captured the hearts of the West! Unfortunately, along the way, they didn't capture any *laughs!* But they certainly tried and tried and tried! No, we're not talking about "Bonnie and Clyde"! We're talking about . . .

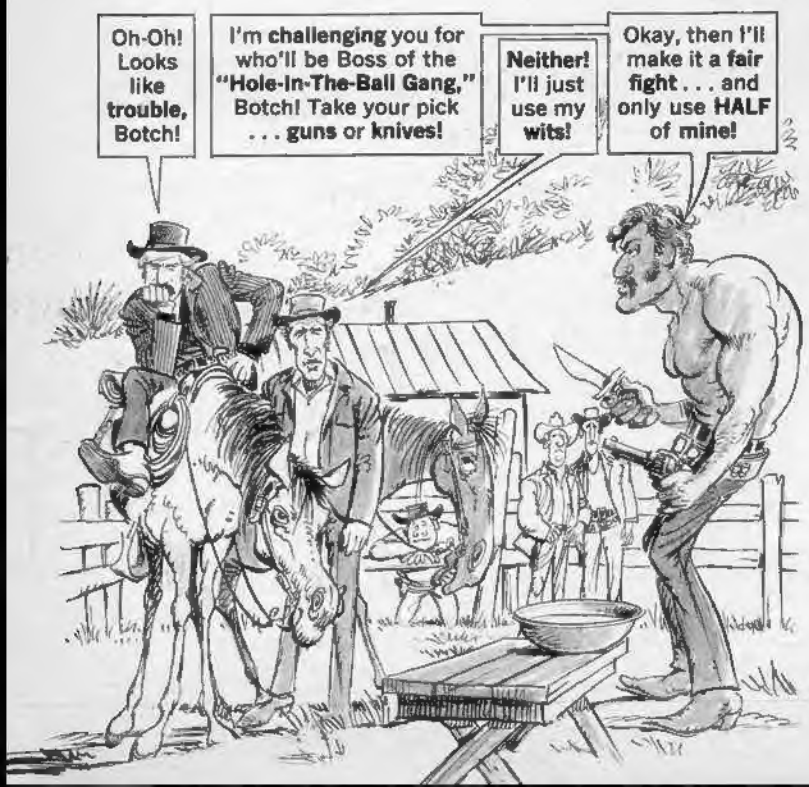
BOTCH CASUALLY AND

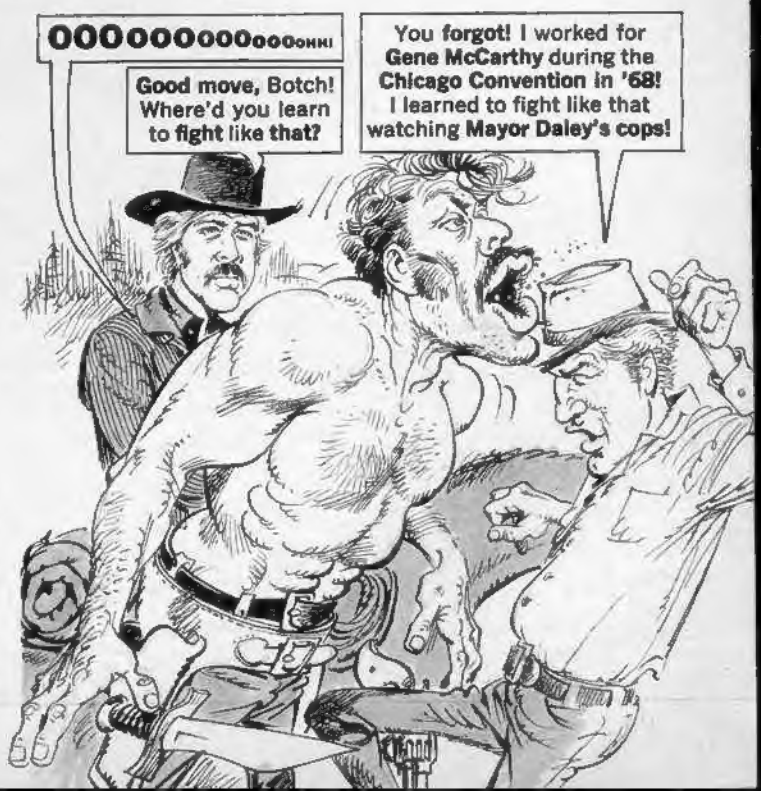
THE SOMEDUNCE KID





ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN





C'mon, Woodchuck! Don't be a fool! Open up!

I can't! I won't! I work for Mr. E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad, and my orders are not to open the safe!

I've heard of "company men"—but this guy is ridiculous!

Open up, Woodchuck, or we'll blow the place up!

No! I work for Mr. E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad, and he ordered me never to open this safe—never!!

Now—let's see what was in the safe!

Hi! Uh-er-I'm E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad! You can take all the money but please don't tell my wife about this!

Okay . . . lower! Lower! Now . . . higher! Higher! Let it all hang out! C'mon . . .

Sorry, Somedunce, but this is only an "M" picture! I can't take off any more clothes!

Who's talking about clothes!? I'm trying to get you to put some expression in your voice! You're about as much of a boring monotone as I am!

Boy, when they told me I might have to carry you through this picture, I never figured they meant on a bicycle!

Gee, don't complain! Be thankful I'm not Kate Smith!

But I don't get it, Botch! The Somedunce Kid makes love to me all night . . .

. . . and all you do is ride me around on this bike! It doesn't seem—uh—normal!

You're right! Boy, that Somedunce Kid is some kind of sick pervert!!

Oh, you're so mixed up, Botch! You're like a child in many ways!

What makes you say that! My irrepressible pixie-ish manner and the dimple on my chin?

No, the training wheels on your bike!

Don't look now, but we're being chased by a mysterious posse, Botch!
How many of 'em are following us, Somedunce?
ALL of 'em!!
Say, that was pretty good! Now let me try one: Er—it was so hot today, when I passed Boot Hill all I could see was open-toed shoes!
Yuh rascal! Topped me again!
It's times like these that I miss the biting, satirical humor of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans!
Let's try to fool the posse with a clever trick . . . two men jumping on one horse!
Too late! That posse is wise to us! They've got 16 men . . . and they just jumped on eight horses!
Phew! It's been three days . . . three days of riding together in the hot sun! And we haven't lost 'em yet!
It was a big mistake when I let you talk me into stealing the Onion Pacific's payroll!
It was a bigger mistake when you let somebody steal your Right Guard!!
What a shot, Somedunce! You shot a rattlesnake right between the eyes!
No! I shot a COBRA right between the eyes!
But the nearest Cobra is 8000 miles away in India!
See what a great shot I am!
Let's face it, Somedunce! We're nothing but a couple two-bit outlaws running from the law! There's snakes and dust and a posse that may kill us! It's frightening!
Well, why not look at the bright side?! I still have my sense of humor!
That's the thing that frightens me the MOST!!
They're right behind us, Botch! Our only chance is to jump for it!
No! I won't jump!
But we got to!
No! Nothing in the world can make me jump!
Hey, did you hear the one about these two traveling salesmen—?
I'LL JUMP! I'LL JUMP!!

It says here that the posse has **sworn** to chase you until they **kill** you! What are you gonna **do?**

Botch is the brains of **this** gang! **He'll** think of **something!**

I say we head for **Bolivia!**

That's a **great** idea! I've never **been** to **Europe!**

I can **SEE** why Botch is the brains!

And we'll **take Lotta!** She speaks **German!!**

Idiot! They speak **Spanish** in Bolivia!

I know! But we **may** want to make a **side trip** to **Argentina!**

It's a **real drawback** having **you** along! But you can come **with us** only under **certain conditions!** You **can't whine!** You **can't act silly!** An' you **can't start teasin' me** with those **big eyes** of yours!

Okay! I **promise!**

Not **you,** Lotta! I'm talkin' about **Botch!**

Isn't this montage **something!**

Yes! It's a **daring breakthrough** in **Motion Picture History!** It's called **"Still Photos"!**

It ranks with the best of **Fellini, Antonioni, Bergman,** and **Polaroid!**

They're almost as good as my **Bar Mitzvah slides!** But, of course, they lack the **symbolism!**

I haven't seen such artistry since the 1964 album of photos of **"Irene and Herbie Astrow's Wedding"!**

I understand the photos were developed in **60 seconds!**

That's more than you can say for the **plot! It hasn't developed at all,** and it's been **60 MINUTES!!**

SHH!

Pigs, goats, huts and mud! **Yecch!** So this is supposed to be **Bolivia** in the **1890's!**

Stop complaining! It's a lot better than the filthy animal-infested jungle we just **came through . . . New York City** in the **1960's!**

BOLIVIA
1890's

Now, if you're going to rob the banks here in **Bolivia,** you have to learn the **language!** Botch, say **"This is a robbery!"** . . .

Esto es un **robo!**

"This is a stick-up!"

Esto es un **heisto!**

"This is a dull scene and it's ruining our careers!"

Esto es un **escena obtuso** y es **arruinar** nuestro **carreras!**

SPANISH

We gotta practice up for the bank robbery tomorrow! I'll order in Spanish...

Cuando caliente un oreja manguito!

How was that?

Not good! You just ordered a plate of well-done ear muffs!

Esto—*uh*—es—er—esto es—*uh*—Aww! Stick 'em up! What we have here is a failure to communicate!

Now I know this picture's in trouble! He's resorting to dialogue from "Cool Hand Luke"!

Isn't it just adorable the way Botch is fumfering the Spanish-English translation?!

Yes, it's not often I get a chance to be bored in TWO languages!

Hey, we've got a problem, Somedunce! This is the LAST BANK! We have now robbed all of the money in Bolivia!

We've got an even BIGGER problem, Botch! How do we evenly split eleven dollars and thirty-nine cents?

The Bandidos Yanquis have brought humor and excitement to our poor simple lives!

That's not saying much! A copy of "Readers Digest" would do the same thing!

Gee, Botch, we've had some cute, whimsical moments in this movie, but this is—by far—the zaniest! Six Bolivian bandits, riddled with bullets and spurting blood, dying in SLOW MOTION, yet! What laughs!! Hey, should I shoot 'em again to make sure they're dead?

Nahh! Don't milk it! ONCE—it's funny!

Well, Somedunce, it sure don't look too good for us! We're trapped by soldiers, and we're running out of ammunition!

What's even worse, we're running out of banter! You cover me while I make a dash for our saddle bags! It's our only chance!

What's in the saddle bags? A couple of boxes of bullets?

No... a book of snappy one-liners!

Hey, do you see what I see?! It looks like they've brought in the entire continent of South America to shoot it out with us!

Yeah, and I don't think that's a fair fight!!

US... against Bolivia ALONE! That's fair!!

But now they've brought in RINGERS!!

There's the Peruvian Army!

And the Chilean Marines!

And the whole Venezuelan Navy!

And the entire Santiago Tactical Police Force!

And Simon Bolivar! And Carmen Miranda! And Juan Peron!

And Sergio Mendez, and Brazil 66!

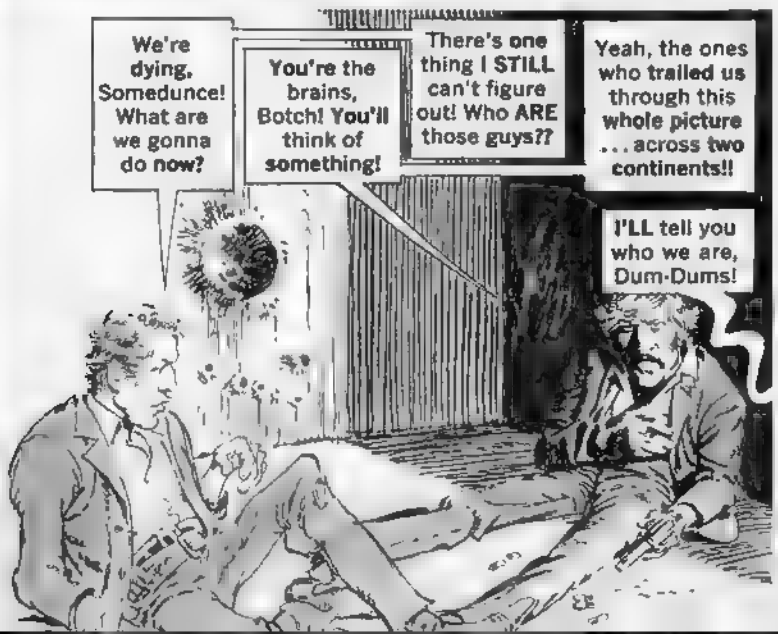
And Yma Sumac, and her agent!

And Martin Borman leading the Argentine army!

He probably doesn't REALLY want to kill us! He's only following orders!

Do you think we can take them all, Botch . . . ?

YOU'RE the fantastic shot, Somedunce! You mow the bulk of them down . . . and I'll try to wing Yma Sumac's agent!



ON THAT OL' DOO-DAH DAY DEPT.

During debate on the controversial Anti-Ballistic Missile Bill, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia made the following statement:

> "If World War III leaves only one couple alive on Earth, I want that couple to be American!"

Obviously, the esteemed Senator from below the Mason-Dixon Line had envisioned a scene like this following the nuclear holocaust:

We hate to spoil the honorable Senator's "American Dream," but did it ever occur to him that the scene might be more like this

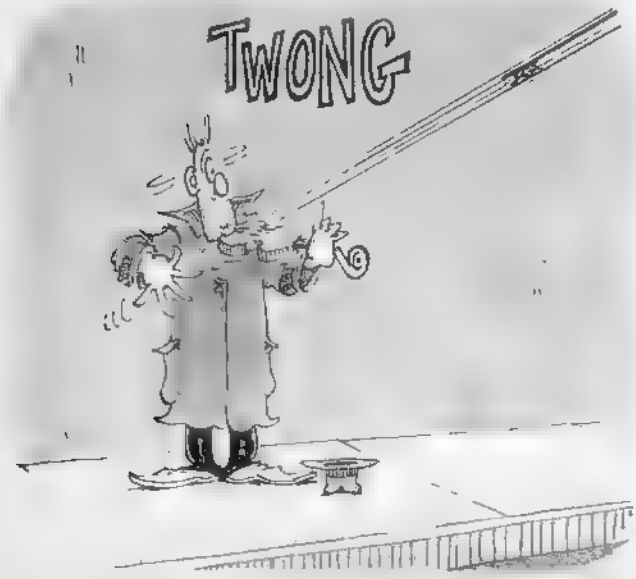
IF THERE WERE ONLY TWO SURVIVORS OF WORLD WAR III LEFT ON EARTH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING SCHILD

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY IN A TENEMENT

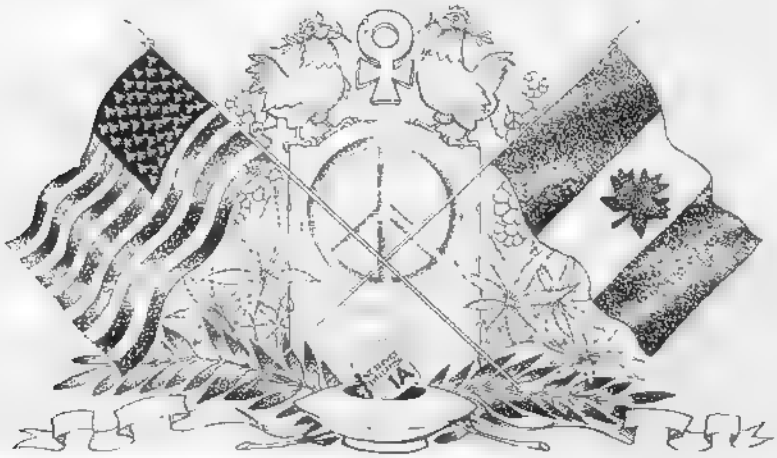


POSTAL MORTEMS DEPT.

If you've ever browsed through a Greeting Card Shop, you've probably noticed the vast selection of Condolence Cards. Now, we admit that these cards serve very well when someone has suffered the loss of a

MAD CONDOLENCE CARDS FO

IN MEMORY OF A DEPARTED LOVED ONE

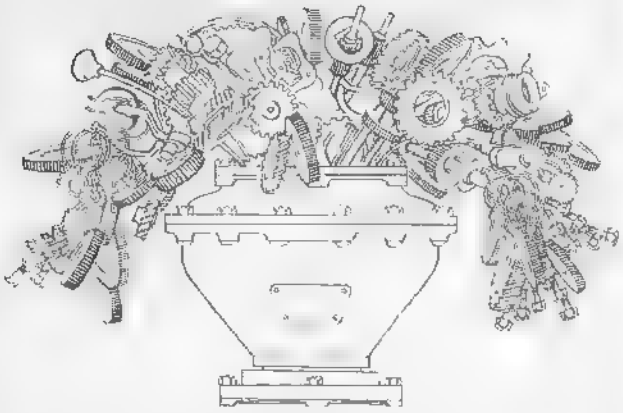


We're full of grief, we're shedding tears,
We're sad and broken-hearted
In mourning for your teen-age son
Who from you has departed.
But though his loss is hard to bear,
One thought should soothe us all—
He's finding ever-lasting Peace
Holed-up in Montreal.

Sympathy

When sorrow strikes to bring us grief
And clouds above are gray,
One often needs a friendly word
To brighten up the day;
And so I send this note sincere
With sympathy invoking
To mark the fifty-second time
You've failed to give up smoking.

Condolences On Your Loss



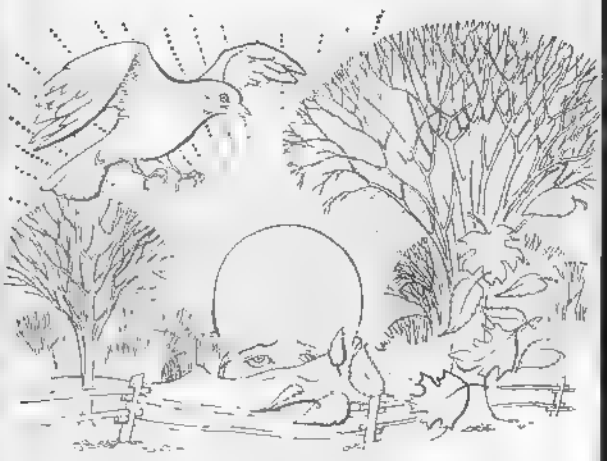
We bid goodby to faithful friends
With eulogies and praise;
With flower wreaths and mourning bands
To mark their earthly days;
And so I send this simple card
In heartfelt recognition
Of how you're feeling since you lost
Your brand new car's transmission.

loved one. But what about the other losses that affect people's lives? How do we pay our respects to folks who suffer these lesser, but still staggering, personal tragedies? Well, one way is to send them . . .

R LIFE'S OTHER TRAGEDIES

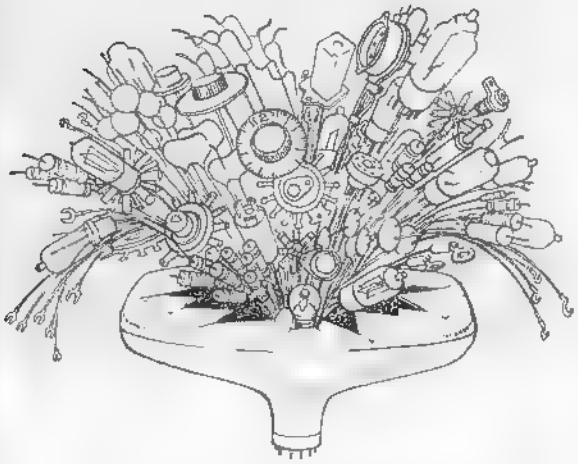
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SORROW



In Fall the elm tree sheds its leaves,
The robin flies away;
The firefly no more is seen;
The blue skies turn to grey;
But though we mourn these lovely things,
Their loss we'll bravely bear;
What really fills our hearts with grief
Is that you've lost your hair.

Deepest Sympathy

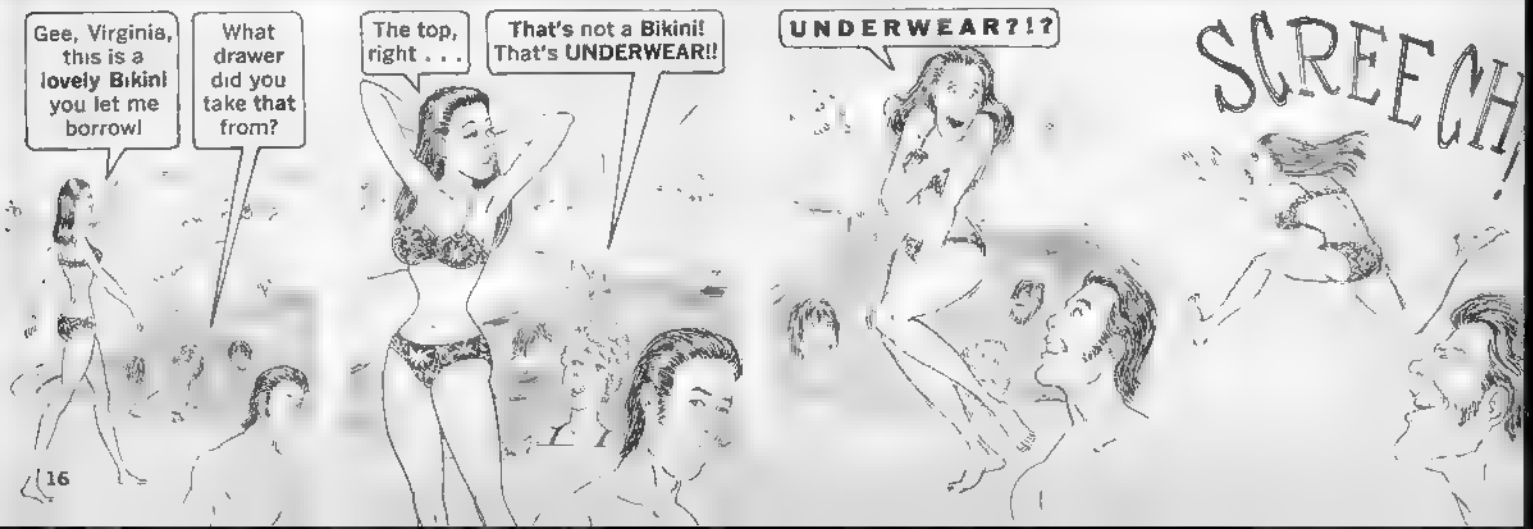


Your life, once filled with rays of light,
Is now a darkened tomb,
No gleam of hope or happiness
Can pierce the dismal gloom,
And so you sit, a saddened soul,
Bereft and all alone,
Because you've learned to your despair
Your picture tube has blown.

TO CONSOLE YOU

'Tis said that time will calm our grief
When sorrow is our fate;
'Tis said that time will heal our wounds
Despite a loss that's great;
Be grateful all your time is free
For soothing meditation
To mourn the late, lamented job
You lost to automation.

THE LIGHTER SIDE



OF... SEX

Gee . . . women sure have changed!!
I remember . . . when I was ten years old . . . women were such icky, eechy things!!
Then . . . something happened to them! And now that I'm thirteen . . .
Women sure are SEXY!!
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG
Are you kids making out again!? That's all you ever do!! And you don't even care where you are!! Y'know, there are OTHER things in life besides sex!!
Like what?
Well, there's the movies!
Okay, we'll go to a movie!
Hi! You're back early! So . . . ? What picture did you see?
We don't know!
We were too busy making out!!
USE ME!! That's all you do is USE ME! You give me love only because you want sex!!
I use YOU?! You use ME!! You give me sex only because you want love!!
USE ME!!

C'mon, Baby—GIVE!!

OH! ALL YOU'RE INTERESTED IN IS MY BODY!!

That's not true! What I love about you is your pleasant personality . . . the way you light up a room when you come in . . . your kindness . . . your depth of understanding . . . your high intelligence!

I'm also captivated by your keen sense of humor and your ability to listen! And I'm taken with your common sense and loyalty and responsibility! THAT'S what I love about you!

AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY BODY?!

ABSOLUTELY NOT, AND THAT'S FINAL! You are not going to see that filthy, perverted movie!

But it's NOT perverted! My friend saw it and said it was beautiful!

It shows the love act between two people, and that's the most tender, beautiful communication human beings are capable of!

DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR SMART TALK! THE TWO PEOPLE ARE NOT MARRIED, SO IT'S A DIRTY PICTURE!! YOU'RE NOT GOING!!

Now, I have nothing to do!

Stay home and watch Television! They have nice clean programs!!

They're introducing a course in Sex Education in our children's school—

OVER MY DEAD BODY!!

Sex Education is a Communist plot designed to weaken our basic moral structure so they can eventually take over! I will not allow it!!

Our children's sex education belongs in our HOME . . . not in their school!

Okay, then—YOU teach them!

OVER MY DEAD BODY!!

Hey, Charlie! There's an "X-rated" picture at the Bijou! C'mon!

Naw! I'd prefer to stay home!

ARE YOU CRAZY?! THIS IS THE PICTURE THAT SHOWS EVERYTHING!!

I know! I don't want to go!

WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF QUEER?! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY NORMAL SEXUAL DESIRES?!

It's not that! I don't enjoy watching that sort of stuff!

FRANKLY, I'D RATHER DO IT MYSELF!!

Hello? . . . Hello!! . . . Listen, I know somebody's there! I can hear you breathing! Well . . ? Say something, you dumb jerk!!

You're an idiot, you know that? You're stupid! You're moronic! You're a perverted nincompoop! You ought to have your head examined! Do me a favor . . .

DROP DEAD!!

My goodness! Who was that?

SLAM

Oh, that's Roger Kaputnik! He's got a crush on me, but he's too shy to tell me! So he calls me up just to hear the sound of my sexy voice!!

Sure . . . full of nice, clean VIOLENCE!!

You really ENJOY reading magazines like that, don't you?

Well, yes . . . and no!

When I read them, I get the feeling that everybody in the world is having a wild orgy--

PLAYBOY

Except me!

Do you know what it means when the Bible says, "He knew her."? It means they had sexual relations!

Yeah? No kidding?! I'm glad you told me that!

MEN

CAROL KNOWS

Boy, these kids today with their "Now Generation" and their "New Morality"! All they want is instant kicks and to heck with tomorrow and responsibilities!

It was our high moral standards and hard work that got us through a Depression and a Major War! Yet, the kids put us down with our standards! They've taken the beauty and sacredness out of sex and just left in the lust!!

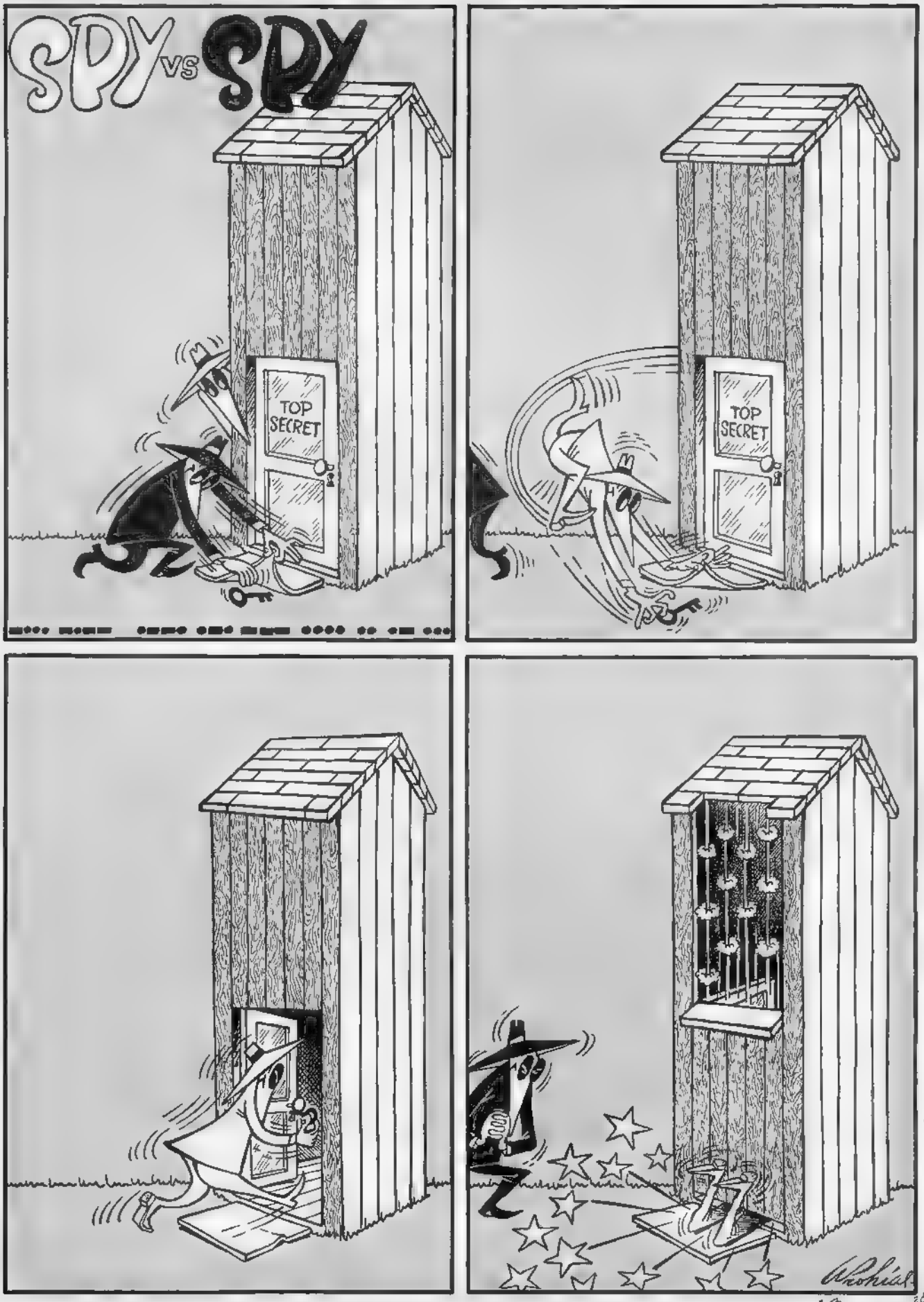
And you can't talk to them about it! When you try, they turn off immediately and call you a "Square"!

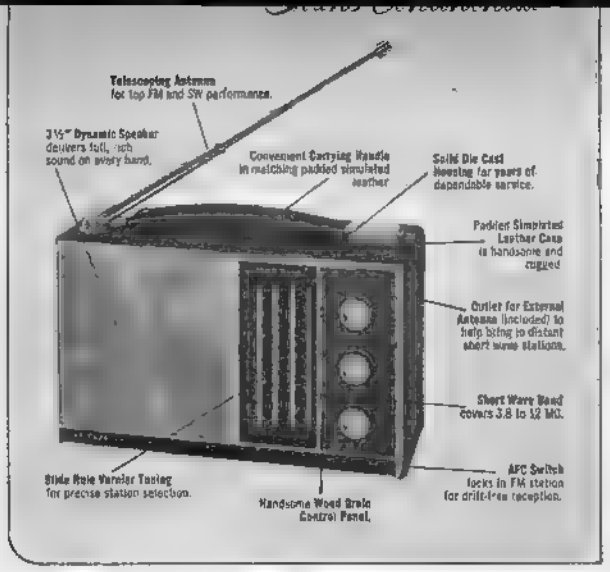
Yes, I know! I have the same trouble with MY kids!!

MOTEL

Oh, my goodness . . . what a RACKET!! See what's going on in Sidney's room!!
I was with this chick the other night, and WOW-WEE!!
So you had a chick! Big deal! I had TWO of them!!
TWO!? That's kid stuff! Le'me tell you about—
Fellahs, I've lived long enough to know that the guys who talk about it the most, do it the least!!
My! What in the world did you say to them that suddenly made them all so quiet!?
Somebody here to see you!
All right, Miss! You can rest now!
Hey, that model is some sexy broad!!
Huh? I didn't notice!
WOW! YOU'RE RIGHT! SHE SURE IS!!
What's going on here?! Are you putting up pictures of NAKED GIRLS in your room?!
IS THAT THE WAY WE BROUGHT YOU UP?! WHAT ARE YOU . . . SOME KIND OF OVER-SEXED, EVIL-MINDED PERVERT?!
WHERE DID YOU EVER GET SUCH FILTH!?
I cut them out of the magazines you had hidden in your desk!
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
PEACE
Great idea, Baby! Let's make love!!
BAM
MAKE
WAR

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I





AD INFINITE ITEMS DEPT.

We've all seen ads like this one on our left . . . where a product is shown and each of its "marvelous" features are described in glowing detail. Sometimes, when a product doesn't really *have* any exciting features, the copy-writer puts his mind to work and makes the rather ordinary features *sound* marvelous. Well, MAD would like to show how this technique can be carried to an extreme by making some *really* dull; everyday products sound *very exciting indeed* with the use of—

FE AD

There's no pen in the world like the

SWIFT Ball Point Pen

COMPARE THESE FANTASTIC FEATURES:

PUSHBUTTON ACTIVATOR scientifically designed to accommodate any finger of any hand of anybody!

HEAVY DUTY CLIP makes pen completely portable. Lets you attach pen to the cheapest cotton T-shirt —all the way up to the most expensive tuxedo!

TWO-TONE BARREL AND TOP comes in an assortment of fashion-tint combinations. You choose your favorite colors just the way you'd do if you were buying a brand new 1970 Cadillac!

TAPERED BODY DESIGN is the very-same type being used in all the Super-Sonic Jet Transports of tomorrow!

HUGE INK SUPPLY in blue, blue-black or red, some of the colors used by the United States Government.

TOUGH PLASTIC CASE made to withstand shocks and wear, just the way Apollo Space vehicles are made.

EXCLUSIVE RETRACTABLE SPHERICAL BALL POINT. This is the point that allows you to write a check for one million dollars or more! Writes words! Draws pictures! Writes in any language! Take it to foreign countries and write on the spot!

WHEN IT COMES TO A CULINARY ACCESSORY THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE AN

ACME TOOTHPICK

You Can't Beat These Wonderful Features!

Made from one of Nature's finest products: Wood!

Natural wood finish, the same finish found in furniture costing thousands of dollars!

Lightweight design and construction ends inconvenience of lugging around "heavy" toothpicks!*

Neat appearance, lets you take them anywhere . . . from the worst hot dog stand to the finest restaurant in the city.

Precision-honed tip, specially designed to remove all food particles from your teeth! You enjoy the same exact results as Doctors, Lawyers and—yes—even Kings!

*Illustration is 3 times natural size!

ATURE BY FEATURE VERTISING

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

INTRODUCING THE EXCITING NEW

NEET Memo Pad

WITH THESE FABULOUS OUTSTANDING FEATURES:

MEETS ALL POST OFFICE REGULATIONS Pages can be placed in envelopes and mailed First, Second, Third, Air Mail, Special Delivery or any way you desire!

UNIQUE BINDING holds all the pages and lets you tear them off with a flick of the wrist.

EVERY PAD BACKED by special cardboard "easel" to give it stability and support,—the very same principle used by artists like Norman Rockwell!

500 MATCHING PAGES to a pad! Use them in order or out of order! They will still match!

EACH PAGE CONTAINS two complete sides and four precision-trimmed edges!

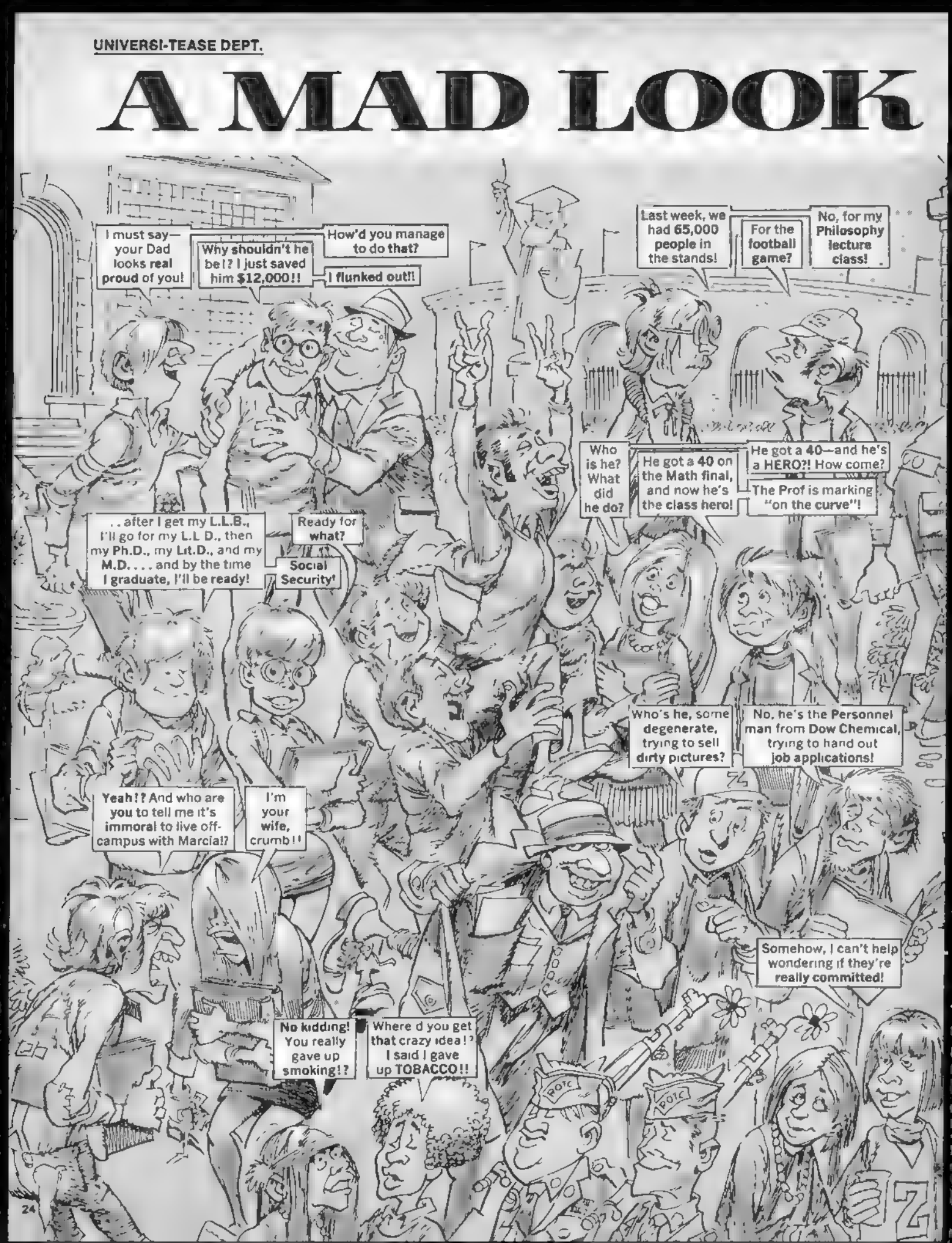
PLAIN WHITE PAPER just like the type used for writing hit Broadway Shows, the lyrics to Million-Record-Selling Songs, and Life-Saving Prescriptions!

ABSOLUTELY BLANK PAGES Allows you to decide for yourself how many lines you want to write on each.

SCIENTIFICALLY MADE SURFACE Write on it with a lowly pencil or type on it with an IBM Executive Typewriter! Even crayon or paint! It retains precisely what you've written, typed, drawn or painted!

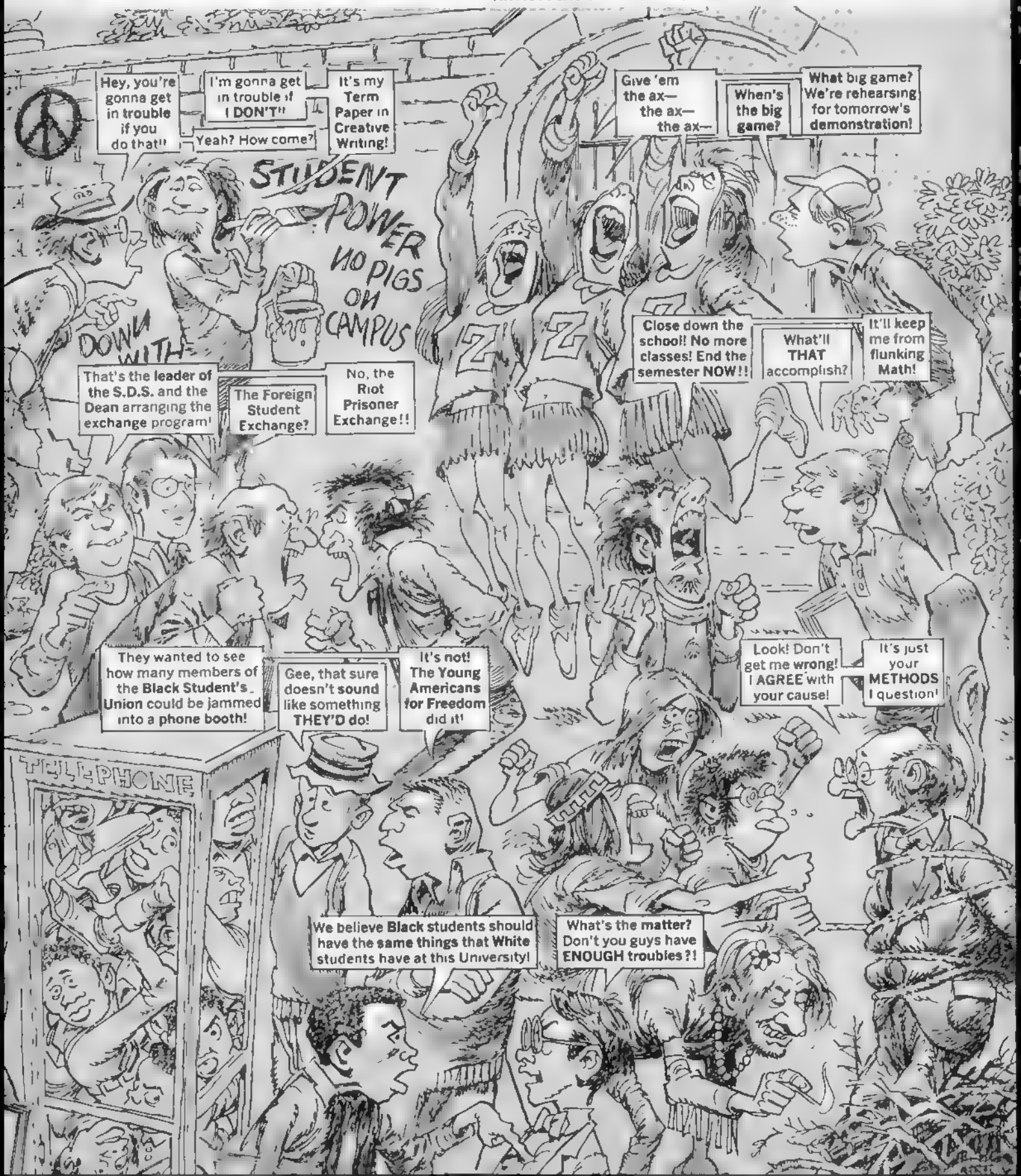
INGENIOUS RECTANGULAR DESIGN permits you to fold it anywhere—in half, in thirds, in quarters! Maybe you want it bold and flat for all to see! Maybe you want it folded up tight so no one can see! You decide, and NEET PADS obey!

A MAD LOOK


I must say—your Dad looks real proud of you!
Why shouldn't he be!? I just saved him $12,000!!
How'd you manage to do that?
I flunked out!!
Last week, we had 65,000 people in the stands!
For the football game?
No, for my Philosophy lecture class!
Who is he? What did he do?
He got a 40 on the Math final, and now he's the class hero!
He got a 40—and he's a HERO?! How come?
The Prof is marking "on the curve"!
. . after I get my L.L.B., I'll go for my L.L.D., then my Ph.D., my Lit.D., and my M.D. . . . and by the time I graduate, I'll be ready!
Ready for what?
Social Security!
Who's he, some degenerate, trying to sell dirty pictures?
No, he's the Personnel man from Dow Chemical, trying to hand out job applications!
Yeah!? And who are you to tell me it's immoral to live off-campus with Marcia!?
I'm your wife, crumb!!
Somehow, I can't help wondering if they're really committed!
No kidding! You really gave up smoking!?
Where d you get that crazy idea!? I said I gave up TOBACCO!!
POTC
POTC

AT COLLEGE

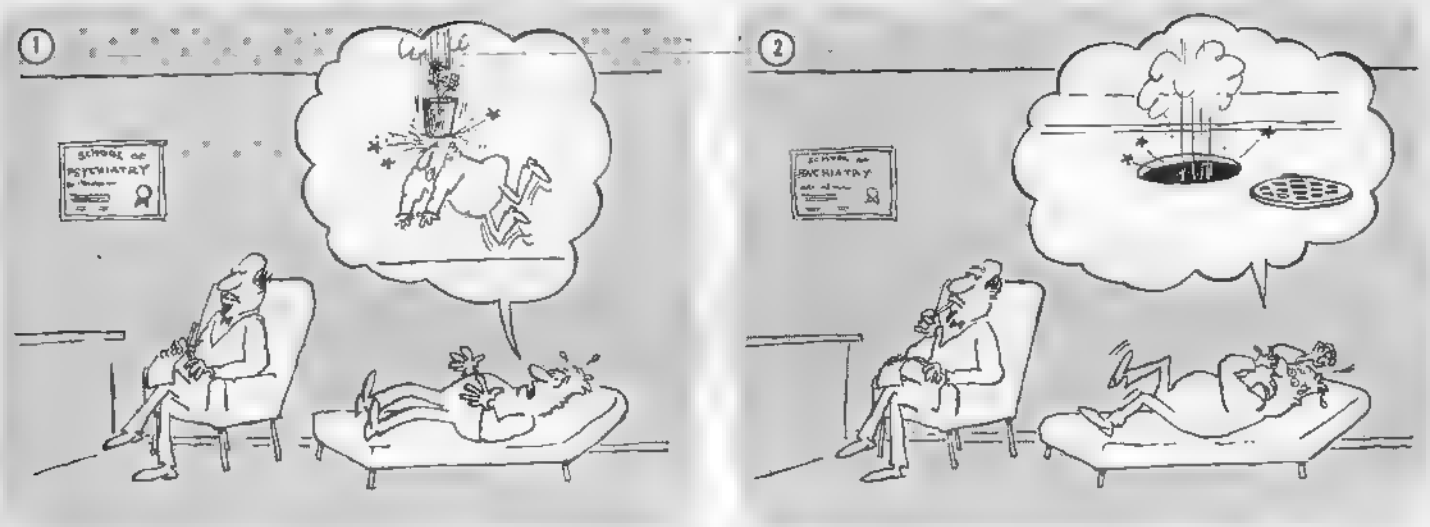
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART



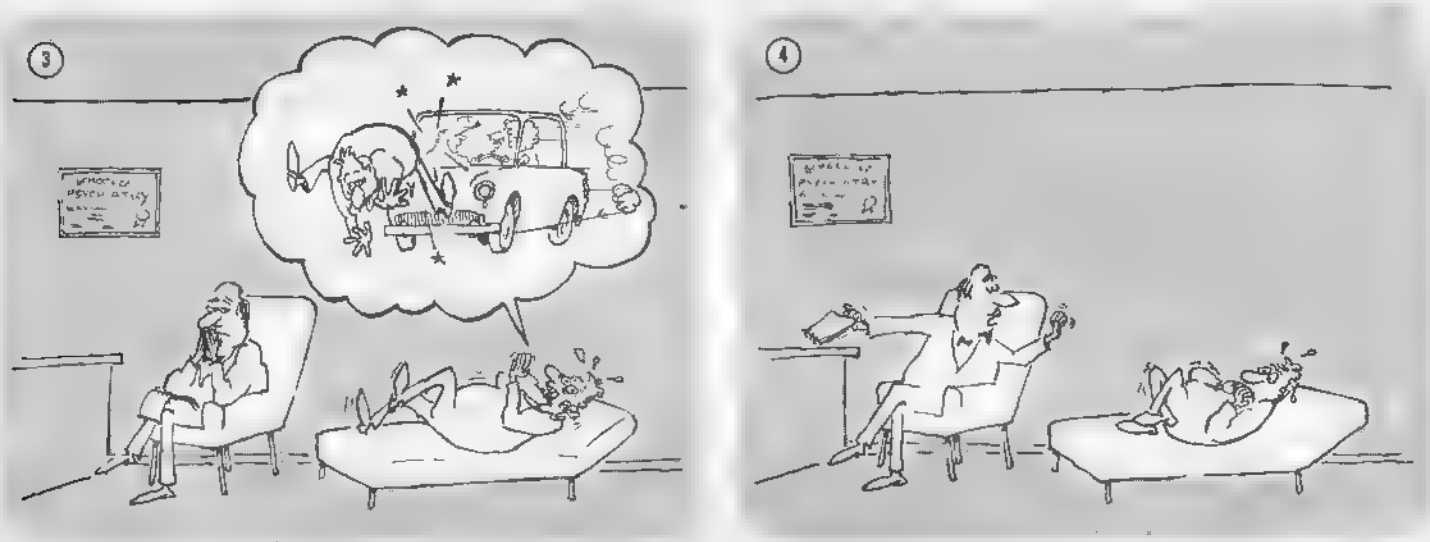
I cannot understand how the kids can say that their courses are not relevant to today's world!
Neither can I! What course do you teach?
Sanscrit!
Look at all that terrible rioting and violence and burning!
What are they demonstrating for?
Amnesty for students arrested during last week's terrible rioting and violence and burning!
It's not that I don't enjoy seeing students get what's coming to them . . . but planning an entire day of TORTURE is INHUMAN!!
What day is that??
Homecoming Day!!
But you—you CAN'T schedule English 101 in Smith Hall . . . and English 102 in the same building the very next hour!!
Why not?! Many of the students have to take both courses! It would be very convenient!
THAT'S why not!!
Hmmm! He went to a Progressive Grade School . . . then a Progressive High School . . .
No . . I'm afraid he doesn't qualify for Admission!
Why not?!
He can't read!!
Now, what's the most important thing about taking their Yearbook picture?
I should make sure they smile?!
No, stupid!! Snap them when they're about to sneeze—or when they're closing their eyes—or when they're scowling—or—
Some kid wants to know . . . how much for this Eco Book?
It'll cost him $6.50!
He doesn't want to BUY it—he wants to SELL it!
In that case, it's only worth $1.25!!
The Governor has ordered me to refuse to allow any member of our Faculty to advocate an ideology that threatens our society!
Like Communism?
No . . . like Democracy!
ADMISSIONS
SCHOOL STUFF

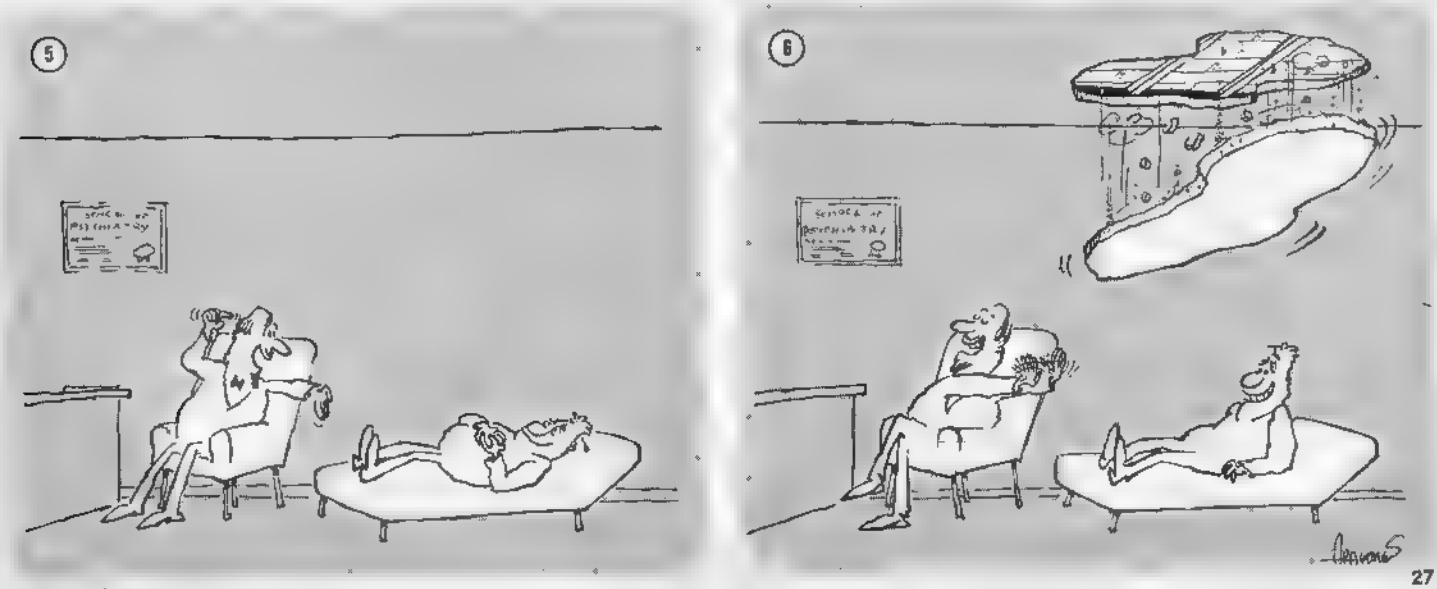
MATTER OVER MIND DEPT.

THE PROBLEM



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





OF GRAVE CONCERN DEPT.

When an important person dies, his obituary is written up in newspapers. But when a beloved tradition, pastime, or way of life dies, the event often goes unnoticed. MAD feels it is time to honor all those wonderful, hallowed institutions that once made our world a happy place to live in. Let us then give these dead (or dying) customs their final send-off as we now present:

OBITUARIES FOR TRADITIONS, PASTIMES AND OTHER DYING-OUT LANDMARKS OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE NEW YORK TIMES,

Death of Efficie Service a S

Salesman Always Right

Special to The New York Times

Millions of Americans were stunned today to learn of the death of Efficient Customer Service.

"I thought it was dead already," said Mrs. Sophie Entwhistle, who was being ignored by three sales clerks in a Phoenix department store when she heard of the death.

Small Loss to Nation

"A good friend has departed from our midst," said Philo Warproot, cringing from a salesman's insults in the Kuppenheimer Room of Phil's Suit Emporium, Wichita, Kansas.

Couldn't Care Less

"I never knew it existed at all," said teenager Kyle Wiltfang, being elbowed in the pelvis by a cashier on her way to her rest period in a boutique in Poughkeepsie.

"Good riddance," said salesgirl Wilma Wiltfang (no rela-

FIVE-CENT CUP OF COFFEE

Dies After Long Struggle

Special to The New York Times

After a ten-year struggle for survival, the Five-cent Cup of Coffee died yesterday at the age of 174. Death was attributed to inflation, greed, and the high cost of dishwashers.

Truck Driver Favorite

Thousands of mourners are expected today to file past the giant coffee urn in Harry's Diner, Valparaiso, Indiana, where the deceased spent its last years in loneliness.

The remains, which now rest in Harry's outdoor garbage can, will eventually be interred in the Valparaiso city dump.

nt Customer hock to Millions

tion to Kyle), while mixing up sizes and removing price tags in the "Economy Girdle Department" of Yulvey's Ready-To-Wear, Altoona, Pa.

RELIABLE POSTAL SERVICE IS DEAD

Special to The New York Times

Reliable Postal Service died three months ago, according to a report received today in the mail.

CLEAN AIR DIES AS NATION GASPS

Special to The New York Times

Clean Air is dead at the age of 3,132,445,869.

Death took place at 1:33 this afternoon when the final trace, a small breathable patch above Lincoln, Neb., was smogged out.

Thick as Pea Soup

In healthy condition for centuries, Clean Air suffered its first attack in the late 1940's, in the form of a local smog infection in the Los Angeles area.

Efforts to stem the infection failed, and soon new outbreaks occurred over Pittsburgh, New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and northern New Jersey. Even then, the infection was not termed malignant.

But as the disease spread, the country grew alarmed. Frantic attempts were made to localize the infection, but it was too late. One by one, entire states succumbed in a cloud of despair.

There will be no funeral services, due to survivors being too choked up to speak.

Baseba of Co

Once U. S. Natior

Special to The New Y

Born in 1839 tc bleday, Basebal grew into the nat sport. But lately series of setbacks enlarged strike zo construction of p parks, and the exh schedule.

Permanent 7th I

Baseball, once tional pastime, d today following epidemic of wea

Death occurre Municipal Stad Indians and the Sox played to scoreless tie be The game was because of dawn

CRAFTSM IS DI

From Lack of

Special to The Ne

Craftsmanshi stay of Ameri died yesterday f attempts to reple new blood.

From its hum pioneer days, grew to becom the nation. But weakened itself t tacks from ma cheap foreign i rocketing labor ailments.

Gradually, lost its stren forced to leave try in order to s 1955, it was seen shops and back where it quietly last years.

Several attem ize it with new

PLEASE DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP AND HOT UNDER THE COLLAR BECAUSE YOU CAN'T READ THIS LAST COLUMN OF OBITS. THE ENTIRE COLUMN IS REPEATED ON THE NEXT PAGE AND YOU CAN READ IT THERE, CLOD!

As a gesture of respect, hash-houses throughout the country will be closed today for five minutes during the mid-morning coffee break, with waitresses wearing their aprons at half-mast.

A memorial over nationwide television will be conducted at 10 p.m. tonight by Juan Valdez.

Melody in Popular Music Dies

Was Close Friend of Musicianship

Special to The New York Times

Melody in popular music died today amid mysterious reports of foul play. An inquest will be held tomorrow, with Rock 'n Roll the chief witnesses.

Born in ragtime, raised in jazz, and educated in swing, Melody survived two world wars and a depression. But with the death of its close friend, Musicianship, in the mid-1960's, it realized it had nothing to live for.

Nevertheless, Melody fought for survival, occasionally making a public appearance at a jazz concert or appearing in the background at a Frank Sinatra recording session.

During its last years, it was in an obviously weakened condition, existing only on thin Muzak.

The family has requested no music be played at the funeral.

Baseball Dies of Collapse

Once U. S. National Pastime

Special to The New York Times

Baseball, once America's national pastime, died in its sleep today following a four-year epidemic of weak hitting.

Death occurred in Cleveland Municipal Stadium after the Indians and the Chicago White Sox played to a 43-inning scoreless tie before 39 fans. The game was finally called because of dawn.

Permanent 7th Inning Stretch

Born in 1839 to Abner Doubleday, Baseball eventually grew into the nation's greatest sport. But lately it suffered a series of setbacks, namely the enlarged strike zone, the slider, construction of pitcher's ballparks, and the exhausting road schedule.

Despite its anemic condition, Baseball fought for its life, often being revived by transfusions of new franchises and an occasional home-run hitter.

But in the late 1960's, it took to its death-bed, unable to withstand a feeble commissioner. Finally, it was bled to death by the club-owners, headed by Walter O'Malley.

CRAFTSMANSHIP IS DEAD

From Lack of New Blood

Special to The New York Times

Craftsmanship, once a mainstay of American industry, died yesterday following vain attempts to replenish it with new blood.

From its humble birth in pioneer days, Craftsmanship grew to become the pride of the nation. But as it grew, it weakened itself fighting off attacks from mass production, cheap foreign imitations, skyrocketing labor costs and other ailments.

Gradually, Craftsmanship lost its strength and was forced to leave modern industry in order to stay alive. Since 1955, it was seen only in small shops and backwoods areas, where it quietly lived out its last years.

Several attempts to revitalize it with new blood failed,

and last night it finally priced itself out of existence.

It is survived by an illegitimate son, Planned Obsolescence.

AMERICA MOURNS PASSING OF RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM

The American people today mourned the death of Rugged Individualism.

Funeral arrangements have not been made, due to the lack of anyone willing to take charge.

PATRIOTISM LOSES FIGHT FOR LIFE

Special to The New York Times

Patriotism is dead.

It is survived by two close relatives, Mom and Apple Pie, both of whom are not expected to live out the year.

Born in 1776, Patriotism lived through many ailments but could not survive several recent attacks which left it mortally wounded.

The President has ordered all flags to fly at half-mast. It is doubtful whether the order will be carried out as all flags have long since been torn down and burned.

Last Refuge of Scoundrel

Burial services will take place in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. Pallbearers include Mario Savio, Stokely Carmichael, Mark Rudd and Jerry Rubin.

America Mourns Passing of Doctor's House-Call

Special to The New York Times

Millions of Americans today are mourning the Doctor's House-Call, which died yesterday after several hundred years of devoted service.

The House-Call enjoyed good heath until the early 1950's, when it suffered a stroke from which it never recovered. During the past few years, it was rarely seen, except in cases involving extremely wealthy patients or members of the doctor's own family.

Aspirin with Lots of Water

The House-Call is survived by two distant cousins, the Office Visit and tht Out-Patient Clinic. Funeral services are being handled by the American Medical Association, who have ordered the coffin permanently closed.

MIDDLE AGE VANISHES

Is Presumed Dead

Special to The New York Times

Middle Age has disappeared and is presumed dead.

In times past, it led a full life and was accepted by millions of Americans. But in the 20th century it became unpopular. Recently it was so despised that both men and women shuddered each time it made an appearance.

No Trust for Over 30ies

The direct cause of Middle Age's death may never be known. However, experts believe it was unable to fight off an onslaught of cosmetics, hair rinses and diet pills, and that it most likely committed suicide.

Next of kin will be notified just as soon as someone can be found who will admit to having known the deceased.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT DIES

Christmas Spirit died today after a lingering illness of almost 2,000 years.

HONEST CAR REPAIR DIES IN OBSCURITY

Honest Car Repair, once a thriving American institution, died today in its last remaining outpost, a small garage in Red Bank, N. J.

Death took place following the repair of a 1966 Dodge Polara suffering from a faulty spark plug. Following diagnosis, the plug was removed and a new engine was put in, costing the Polara's owner $566.99, plus labor.

Immediately after presentation of the bill, Honest Car Repair went into a deep coma, from which it never recovered. Last rites were given by the garage's new owner, transmission specialist Myron Scurmly.

Hello! This is **Mike Malice,** for MAD Magazine. In the past, MAD has brought you many **fictitious public service interviews,** like *"MAD's Book Publisher of the Year"*, *"MAD's Theater Owner of the Year"*, etc. **Now** . . . with **this** fictitious interview, we delve into **Politics and Government** with an investigation of the office of the **Vice President of the United States.** Naturally, in keeping with our policy of using **fictitious names** in these fictitious interviews, we've chosen to call *our* Vice President something **ridiculous** and **unlikely.** So prepare to meet—get this! **Spiro Agnew,**

MAD'S VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JOHN CULLEN MURPHY WRITER: STAN HART

You're only here ten minutes and you're leaving already? But isn't there important business here . . . like bills to pass?

Right! And in case of a tie, I have to cast the deciding vote! Take the Anti-Ballistic Missile Bill, for example—

Yes! It was 50 "For" —and 50 "Against"— and you had to cast the deciding vote on that vital issue! How DID you vote?

Who remembers!? After all, it was months ago! It was either "For" . . . or "Against"—I'm not certain!

Excuse me—I have to cancel my trip to Colorado for the Governors' Conference . . .

Your busy schedule won't permit you to go?

No, I already saw the In-Flight Movie!

I see that you're very popular with the ladies, sir!

Promise not to tell? They think I'm Ed McMahon!

WOMAN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB

Ladies, we are gathered here today to pay tribute to a man who has made the American dream come true . . . a man who makes us all proud to be Americans—

I sure would like to meet THAT man! Have him step up here so I can shake his hand!

I'm talking about YOU, Mr. Vice President!

Oh. . .

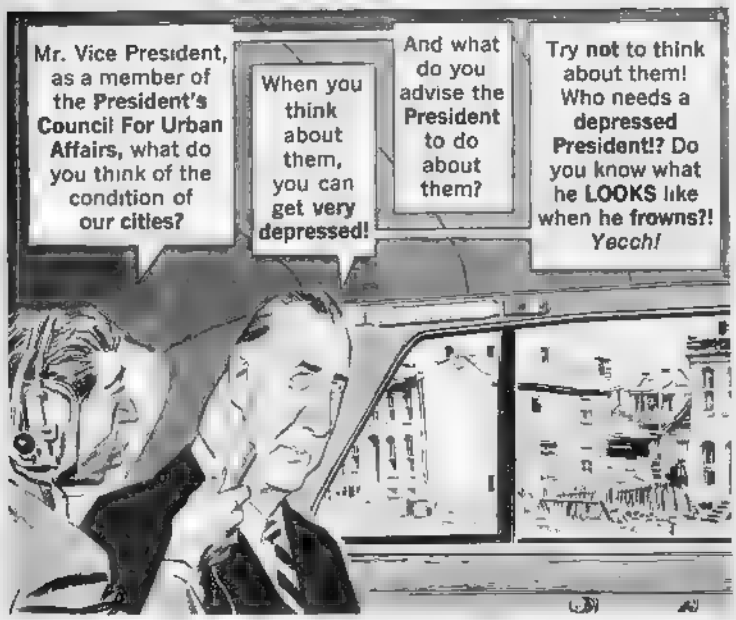
. . . and in conclusion, let me give you my secret . . . the phrase I always bear in mind whenever I hear criticism of our Domestic Policies at home or our Foreign Policies abroad . . . like in Vietnam . . .

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me!"

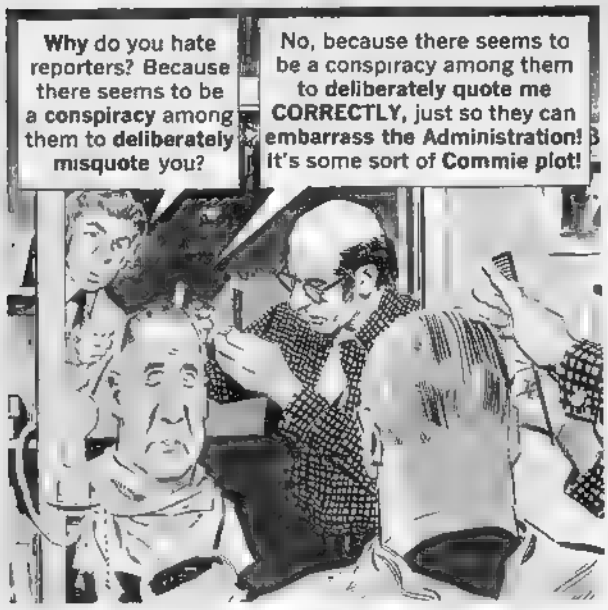
Goodbye . . . and God bless!

They didn't seem too enthusiastic about your speech!

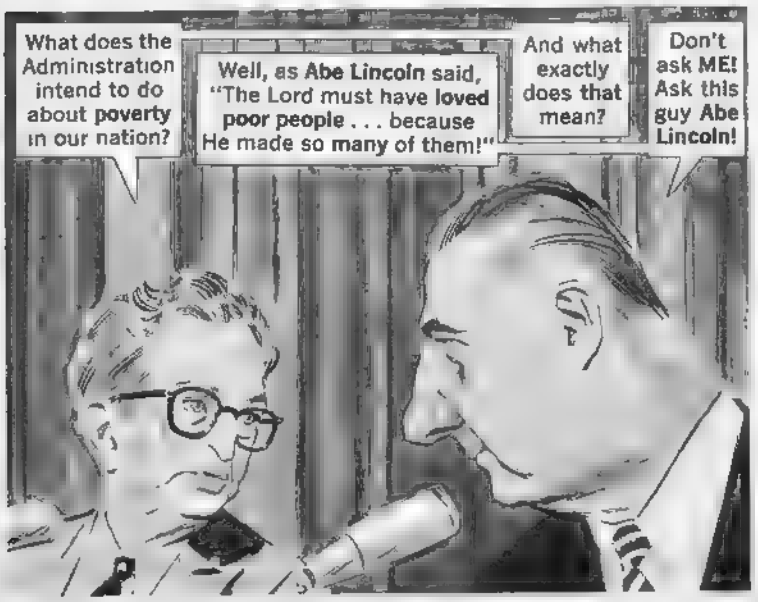
Who cares!? Let Ed McMahon worry! *Heh-heh!!*


Mr. Vice President, as a member of the President's Council For Urban Affairs, what do you think of the condition of our cities?
When you think about them, you can get very depressed!
And what do you advise the President to do about them?
Try not to think about them! Who needs a depressed President!? Do you know what he LOOKS like when he frowns?! Yecch!

Do you make many of these TV appearances?
Yes and it's hard to keep track of them all! Today, I'm either on "The Dating Game" . . . or "Let's Make a Deal"!
I think it's a taping of "Meet The Press"!
Oh, I never watch that show! It's on opposite "Wonderama"! And I hate reporters!
TELEVISION STUDIOS


Why do you hate reporters? Because there seems to be a conspiracy among them to deliberately misquote you?
No, because there seems to be a conspiracy among them to deliberately quote me CORRECTLY, just so they can embarrass the Administration! It's some sort of Commie plot!

Mr. Agnew, will you give us your personal feelings about "School De-segregation"?
I firmly believe that we shall see the day when "School De-segregation" is the law of the land!
But it HAS been the law of the land for 15 years!
See?! What did I tell you?!
SPIVAK
AGNEW


What does the Administration intend to do about poverty in our nation?
Well, as Abe Lincoln said, "The Lord must have loved poor people . . . because He made so many of them!"
And what exactly does that mean?
Don't ask ME! Ask this guy Abe Lincoln!

Mr. Agnew, with all the trouble in our country, why should we spend billions to put a man on Mars?
Because everybody agrees we should do it! Why, just the other day, President Nixon said he'd like to see a man sent to Mars!
Really? Like WHO?
Like ME!!

I've got to hurry right over to Georgetown University! I'm giving the Commencement Address!

And you're using this Army helicopter to get there fast?

Well, not exactly . . .

I'm using this Army helicopter so I can give my speech a safe 100 feet above that mob!

I am delighted to come here today —to talk to you young people and remind you about all the things you have so much to be thankful for . . .

Hiss!

ESTABLISH-MENT FINK!

AGNEW GO HOME!

Boo!

Get lost!

Some socko finish, eh!?

Where'd you get THAT idea?

Didn't you ever read the Constitution of the United States?

But they have the right of free assembly!

Is that the one with all the Amendments—or am I thinking of the Declaration of Independence! I always mix 'em up! Hey, wanna toss a tear gas canister at that woman with the baby carriage?

How big a staff do you have?

Forty people to handle the mail!

Wow! I had no idea you received so many letters! Forty people!!

Just between us, only 20 answer the mail!

And what do the other 20 do?

They send it in!!

What do you feel is the most challenging part of your job?

The task of explaining, in simple language, President Nixon's policies!

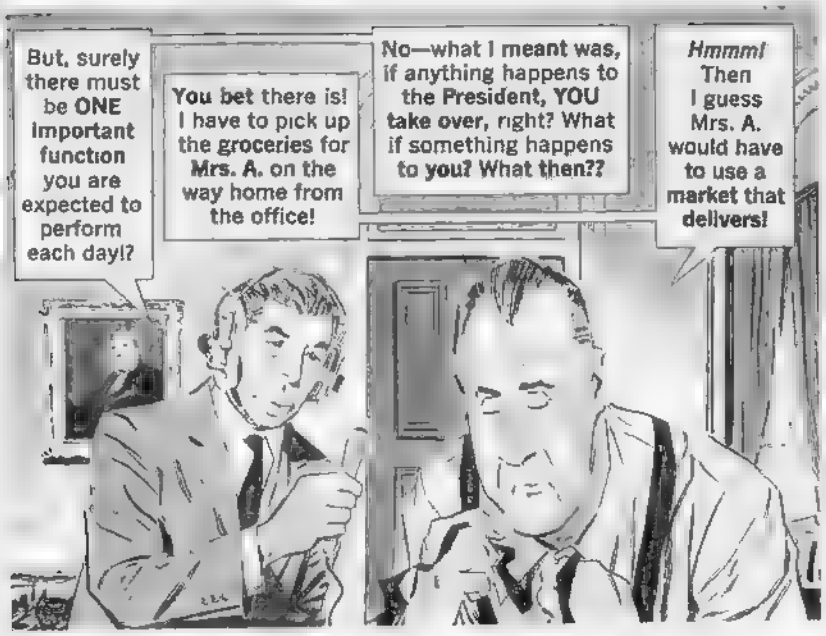
To the people?

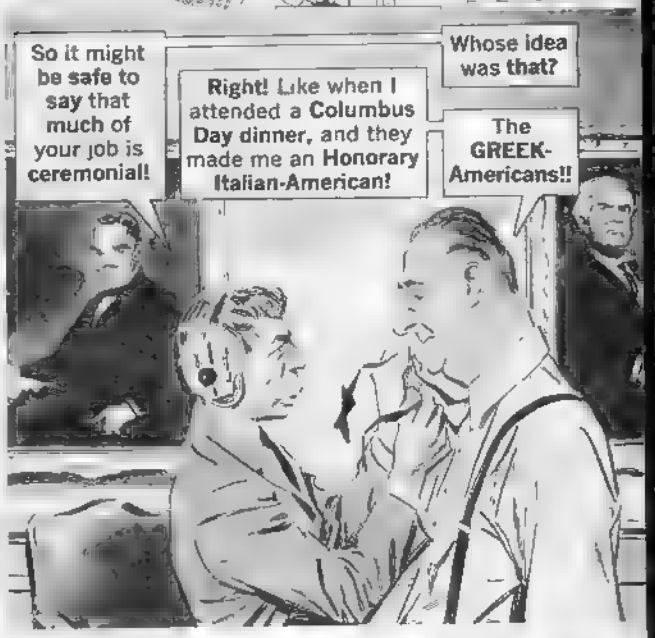
No, to President Nixon!

It's been said that the Vice President is only a heartbeat away from the Presidency! What do you say to that?

Bite your tongue! If I wanted to WORK for a living, I would have stayed Governor of Maryland—or whatever state I was Governor of!

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES


But, surely there must be ONE important function you are expected to perform each day!?
You bet there is! I have to pick up the groceries for Mrs. A. on the way home from the office!
No—what I meant was, if anything happens to the President, YOU take over, right? What if something happens to you? What then??
Hmmm! Then I guess Mrs. A. would have to use a market that delivers!


So it might be safe to say that much of your job is ceremonial!
Right! Like when I attended a Columbus Day dinner, and they made me an Honorary Italian-American!
Whose idea was that?
The GREEK-Americans!!

Say, should I wear my black shoes . . . or my brown shoes with my tuxedo?
Why don't you fool 'em tonight and wear your black shoes!?!

This is a very posh . . . very exclusive party! Only the most important people in Washington have been invited!
And you're here because you're hosting the party?
No, I'm here because I'm CRASHING the party!!

Before you dance the night away, would you please tell us the one thing you like best about being Vice President?
It's a great opportunity!
To serve your country?!
No, to prepare for my next big job!
What's that?
I'm going into Public Relations!

Spiro, dear! This dance is a Waltz!
Quick! Tell me how it goes . . .
One, two, three . . . One, two, three . . . One, two, three . . .
This is Mike Malice saying "Goodbye for MAD Magazine!"

DOUBLE-STANDARD DEPT.

Some issues back, MAD ran an article entitled "So How Come . . . ?" in which we illustrated some examples of the kind of weird logic

MORE "SO H

IF...

. . . a kid doesn't seem to care about the condition of his room or his clothes or hair, he's condemned as a **"SLOB"**!

SO HOW COME...

. . . if he grows up, becomes a success, and still lives the same way, he's acclaimed as a **"TALENTED INDIVIDUALIST"**!

IF...

. . . a kid plays dirty football and takes great pleasure in hating his opponents, we call him a **"POOR SPORT"**!

SO HOW COME...

. . . when he grows up and demonstrates these same vicious tendencies, we admire him as a **"FIERCE COMPETITOR"**!

IF...

. . . a youngster fails to graduate from High School, he's frowned upon by our society and labeled as a **"DROPOUT"**!

SO HOW COME...

. . . if a guy with little or no formal education becomes a millionaire, he is acclaimed as a **"SELF-MADE MAN"**!

that seems to plague us nowadays. F'rinstance this absurd logic: If that article was such a big flop . . . so how come we're running

OW COME...?"

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

IF...

. . . a youngster refuses to do something that he considers immoral, we applaud his virtue and admire his **"MORALITY"**!

SO HOW COME...

. . . when he grows up and is consistent in his "Morality"—carrying it over into politics, he's called a **"TRAITOR"**!

IF...

. . . a kid is caught in the act of telling an out-and-out untruth, he is severely punished for **"TELLING A LIE"**!

SO HOW COME...

. . . if he grows up, becomes President, and does the same thing, we understand and call it a **"CREDIBILITY GAP"**!

IF...

. . . a child enjoys hurting poor defenseless animals, we feel he needs professional help because he's a **"SADIST"**!

SO HOW COME...

. . . when he grows up and insists upon indulging in the same sick sadistic practices, we call him a **"SPORTSMAN"**!

IF...

. . . subjects like sex, drugs, unwed mothers and abortion are explored hour after hour on TV Documentary Shows . . .

SO HOW COME...

. . . the slightest reference to such "controversial areas" on regular TV shows are "blipped out" by network censors!

IF...

. . . domestic bliss can be destroyed when a wife feels that her husband is not bringing home enough money . . .

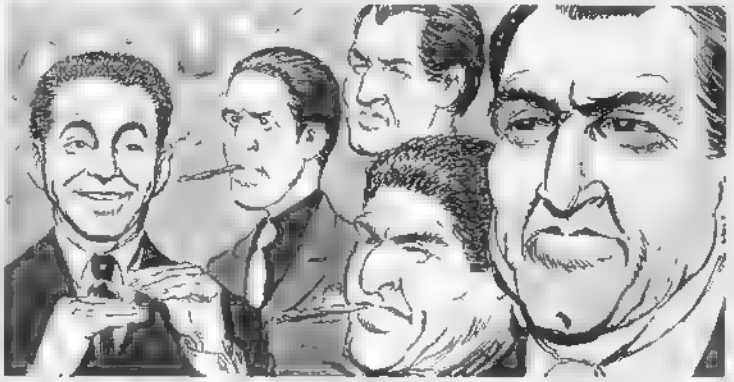
SO HOW COME...

. . . at the Divorce Settlement, the wife demands a small fortune, because suddenly the husband is a "Big Earner"!

IF...

. . . a member of an ethnic group tells an ethnic joke to members of his ethnic group, he's considered a **"WIT"**!

SO HOW COME...



. . . if a member of a different ethnic group tells the very same joke to the very same group, he's a **"BIGOT"**!

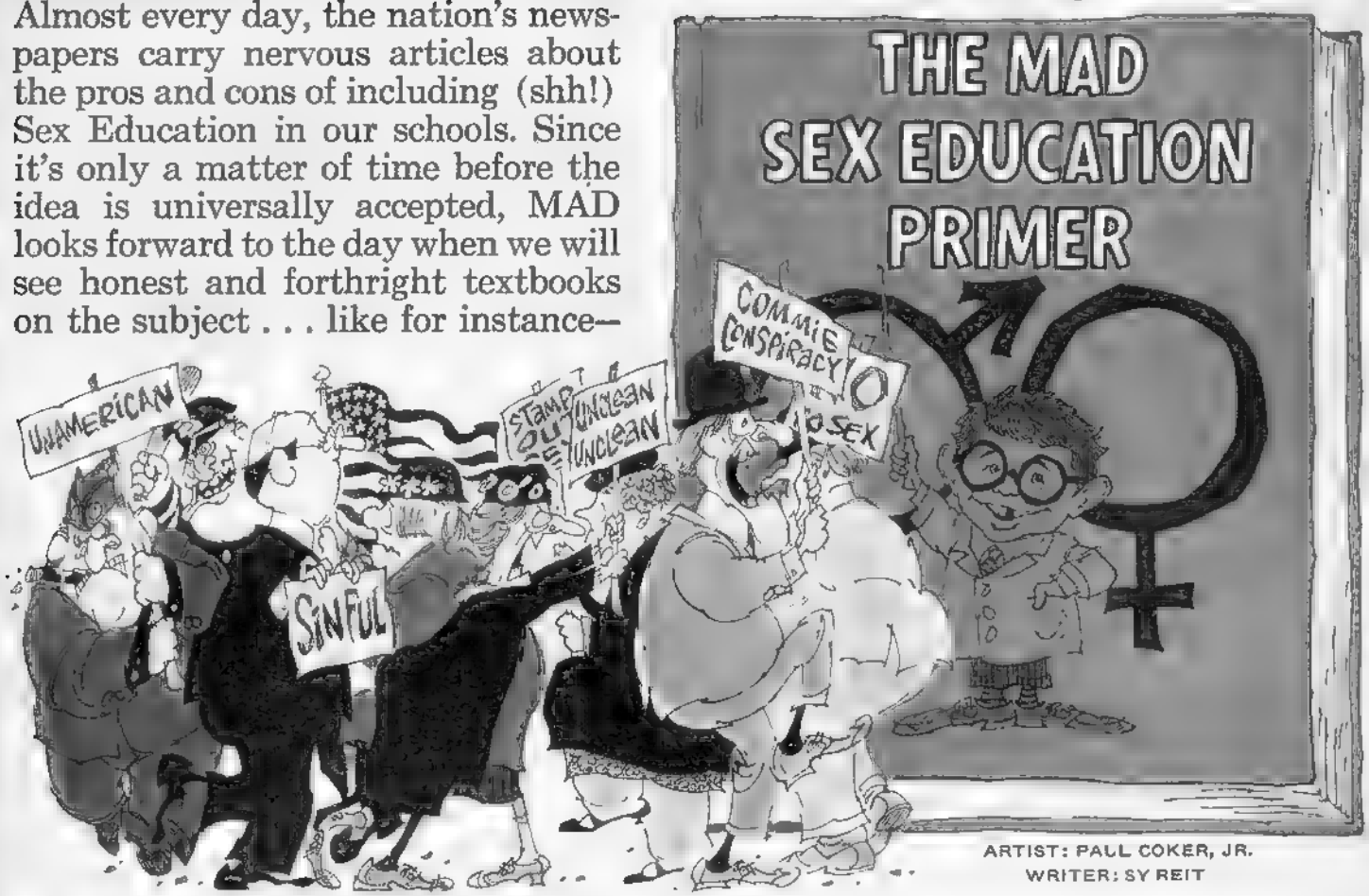
IF...

. . . a fellow is known for making out, he's a **"SWINGER"**!

SO HOW COME...

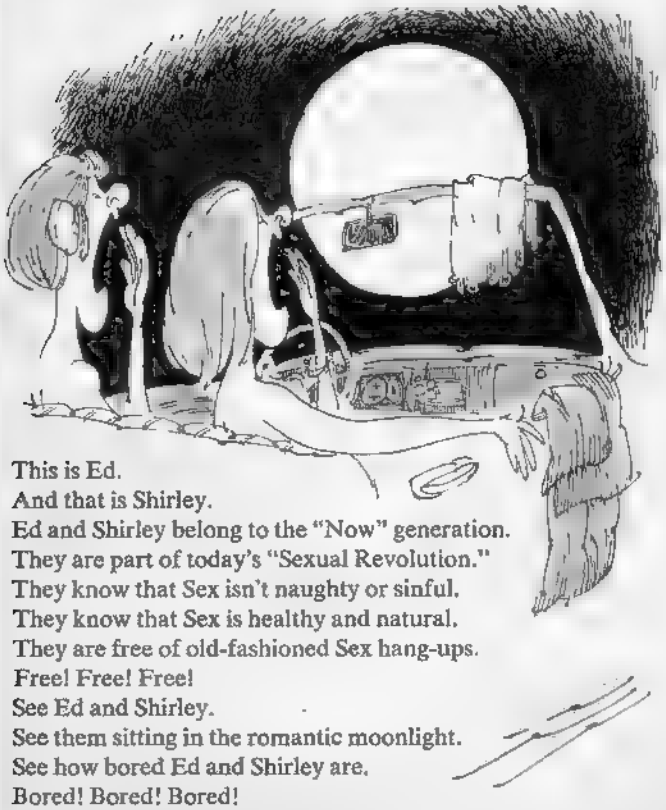
. . . when he takes out your Sister, he's a **"SEX FIEND"**!

Almost every day, the nation's newspapers carry nervous articles about the pros and cons of including (shh!) Sex Education in our schools. Since it's only a matter of time before the idea is universally accepted, MAD looks forward to the day when we will see honest and forthright textbooks on the subject . . . like for instance—



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: SY REIT

CHAPTER 1.

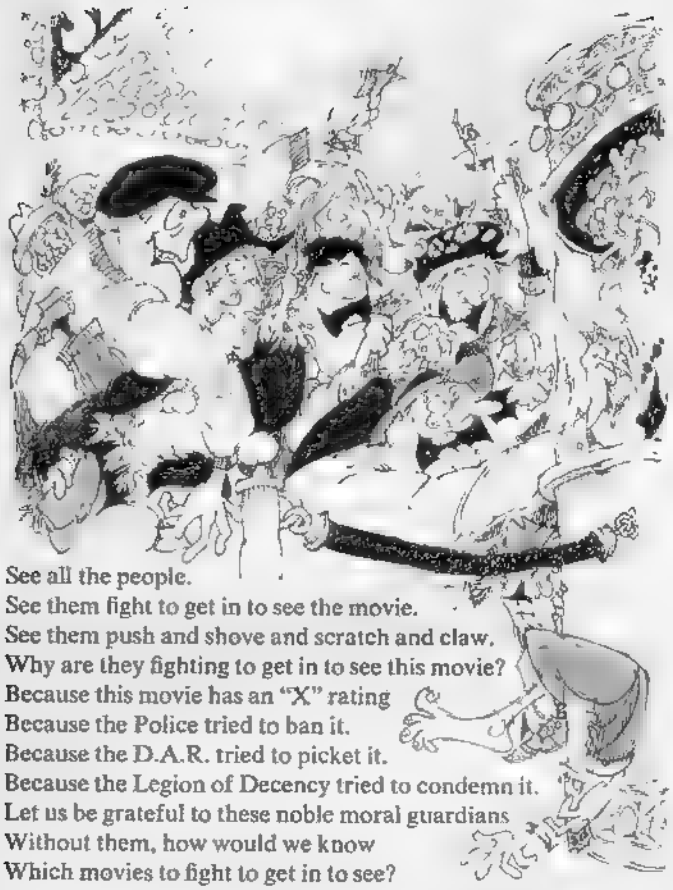


This is Ed.
And that is Shirley.
Ed and Shirley belong to the "Now" generation.
They are part of today's "Sexual Revolution."
They know that Sex isn't naughty or sinful.
They know that Sex is healthy and natural.
They are free of old-fashioned Sex hang-ups.
Free! Free! Free!
See Ed and Shirley.
See them sitting in the romantic moonlight.
See how bored Ed and Shirley are.
Bored! Bored! Bored!
Revolutions can take all the fun out of Sex!

CHAPTER 2.

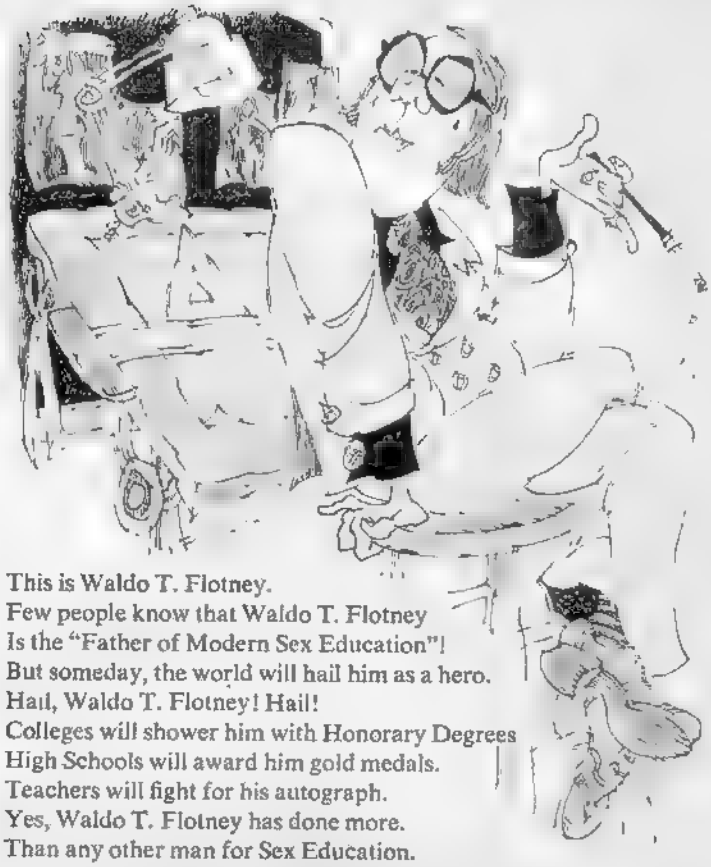
See the angry father.
See him ripping up a magazine.
Rip! Rip! Rip!
The magazine is full of sexy words
And pictures of Sexy nude ladies.
The father is furious.
He is tearing the dirty magazine to shreds.
Why is he such an angry father?
Because they didn't have magazines like that
When he was a teenager!

CHAPTER 3.



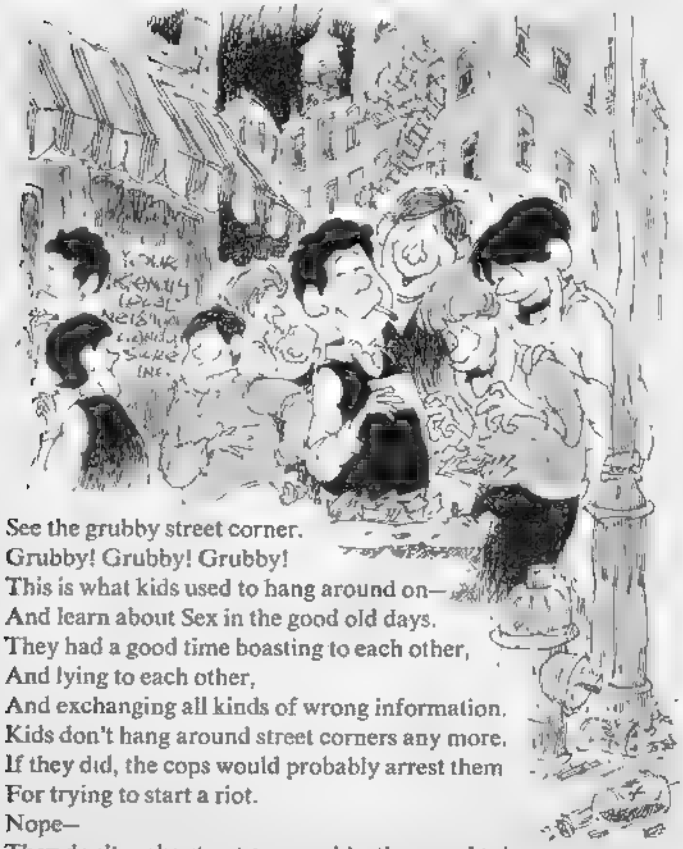
See all the people.
See them fight to get in to see the movie.
See them push and shove and scratch and claw.
Why are they fighting to get in to see this movie?
Because this movie has an "X" rating
Because the Police tried to ban it.
Because the D.A.R. tried to picket it.
Because the Legion of Decency tried to condemn it.
Let us be grateful to these noble moral guardians
Without them, how would we know
Which movies to fight to get in to see?

CHAPTER 4.



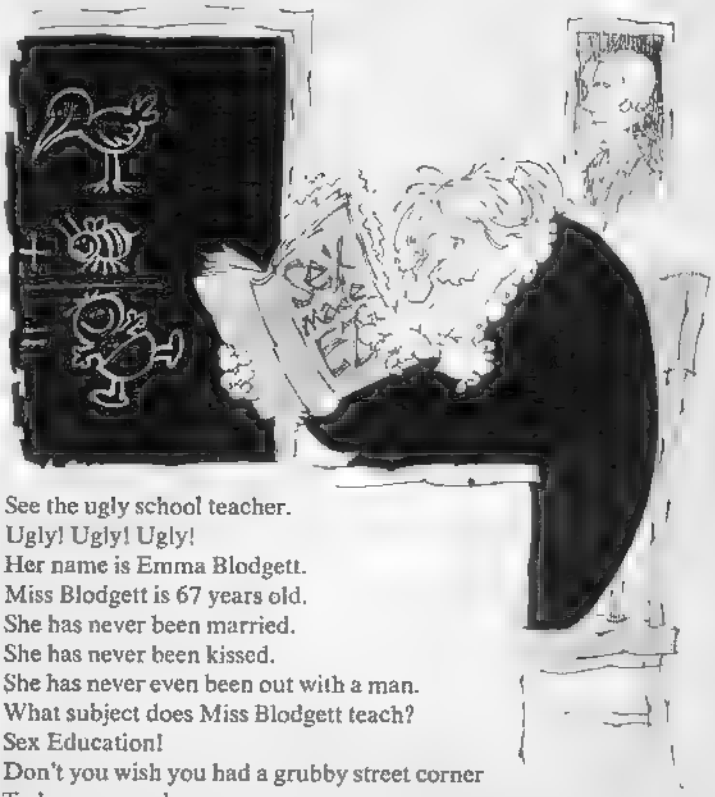
This is Waldo T. Flotney.
Few people know that Waldo T. Flotney
Is the "Father of Modern Sex Education"!
But someday, the world will hail him as a hero.
Hail, Waldo T. Flotney! Hail!
Colleges will shower him with Honorary Degrees
High Schools will award him gold medals.
Teachers will fight for his autograph.
Yes, Waldo T. Flotney has done more.
Than any other man for Sex Education.
Waldo T. Flotney is the creator of The Mini-Skirt!

CHAPTER 5.



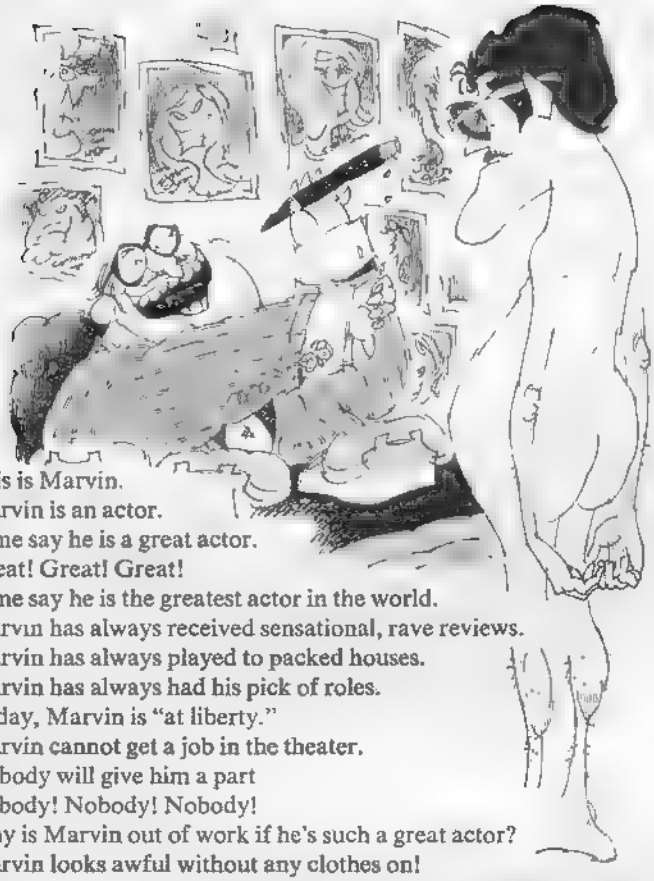
See the grubby street corner.
Grubby! Grubby! Grubby!
This is what kids used to hang around on—
And learn about Sex in the good old days.
They had a good time boasting to each other,
And lying to each other,
And exchanging all kinds of wrong information.
Kids don't hang around street corners any more.
If they did, the cops would probably arrest them
For trying to start a riot.
Nope—
They don't make street corners like they used to!

CHAPTER 6.



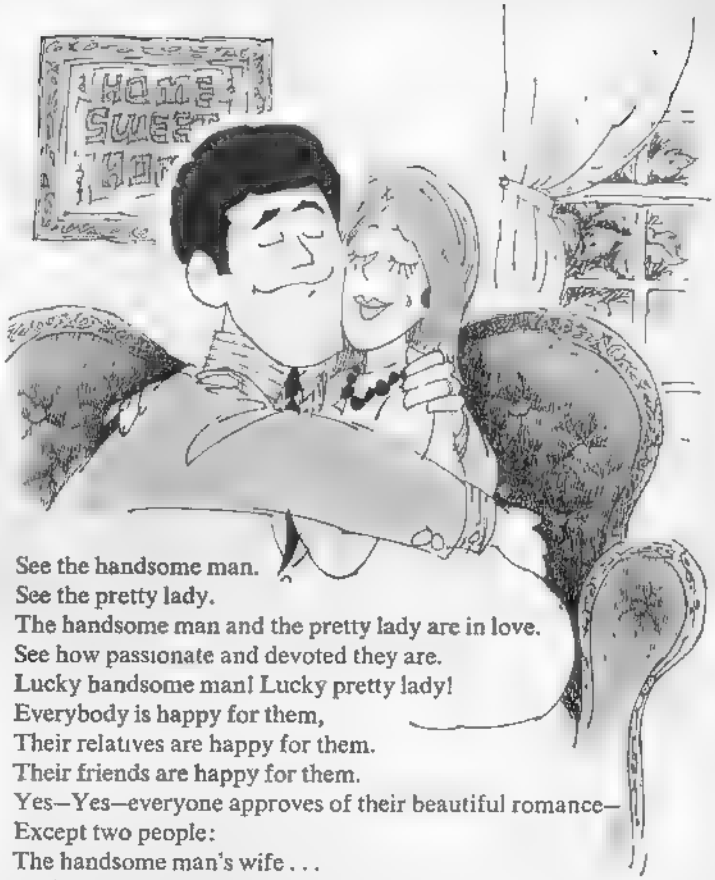
See the ugly school teacher.
Ugly! Ugly! Ugly!
Her name is Emma Blodgett.
Miss Blodgett is 67 years old.
She has never been married.
She has never been kissed.
She has never even been out with a man.
What subject does Miss Blodgett teach?
Sex Education!
Don't you wish you had a grubby street corner
To hang around on—
Like in the good old days?

CHAPTER 7.



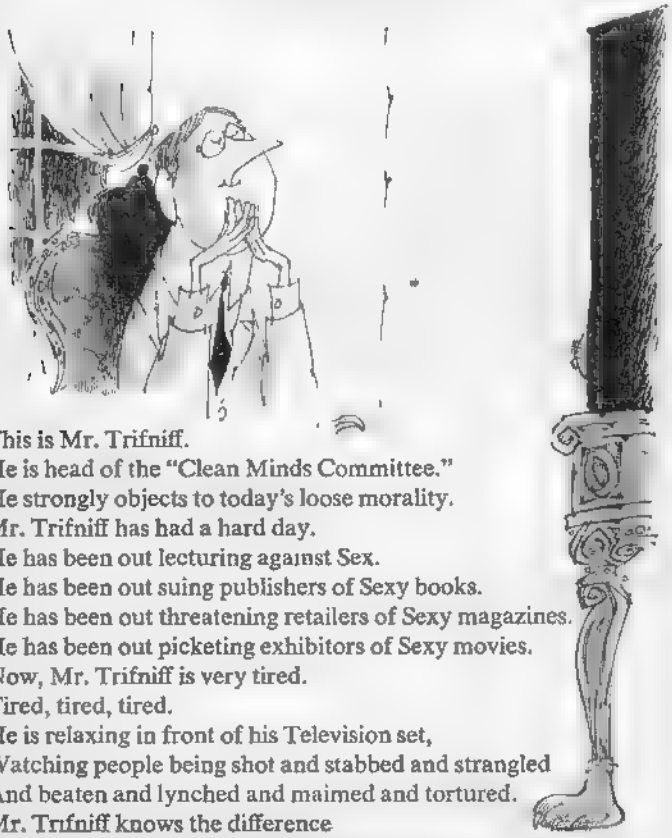
This is Marvin.
Marvin is an actor.
Some say he is a great actor.
Great! Great! Great!
Some say he is the greatest actor in the world.
Marvin has always received sensational, rave reviews.
Marvin has always played to packed houses.
Marvin has always had his pick of roles.
Today, Marvin is "at liberty."
Marvin cannot get a job in the theater.
Nobody will give him a part
Nobody! Nobody! Nobody!
Why is Marvin out of work if he's such a great actor?
Marvin looks awful without any clothes on!

CHAPTER 8.



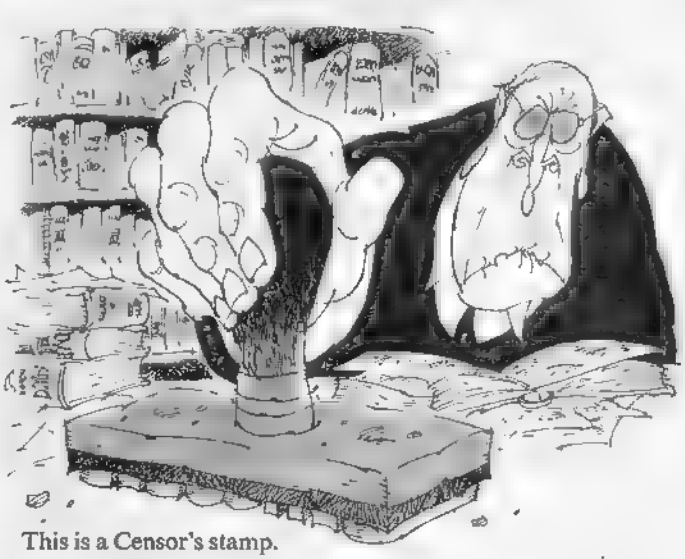
See the handsome man.
See the pretty lady.
The handsome man and the pretty lady are in love.
See how passionate and devoted they are.
Lucky handsome man! Lucky pretty lady!
Everybody is happy for them,
Their relatives are happy for them.
Their friends are happy for them.
Yes—Yes—everyone approves of their beautiful romance—
Except two people:
The handsome man's wife . . .
And the pretty lady's husband!

CHAPTER 9.



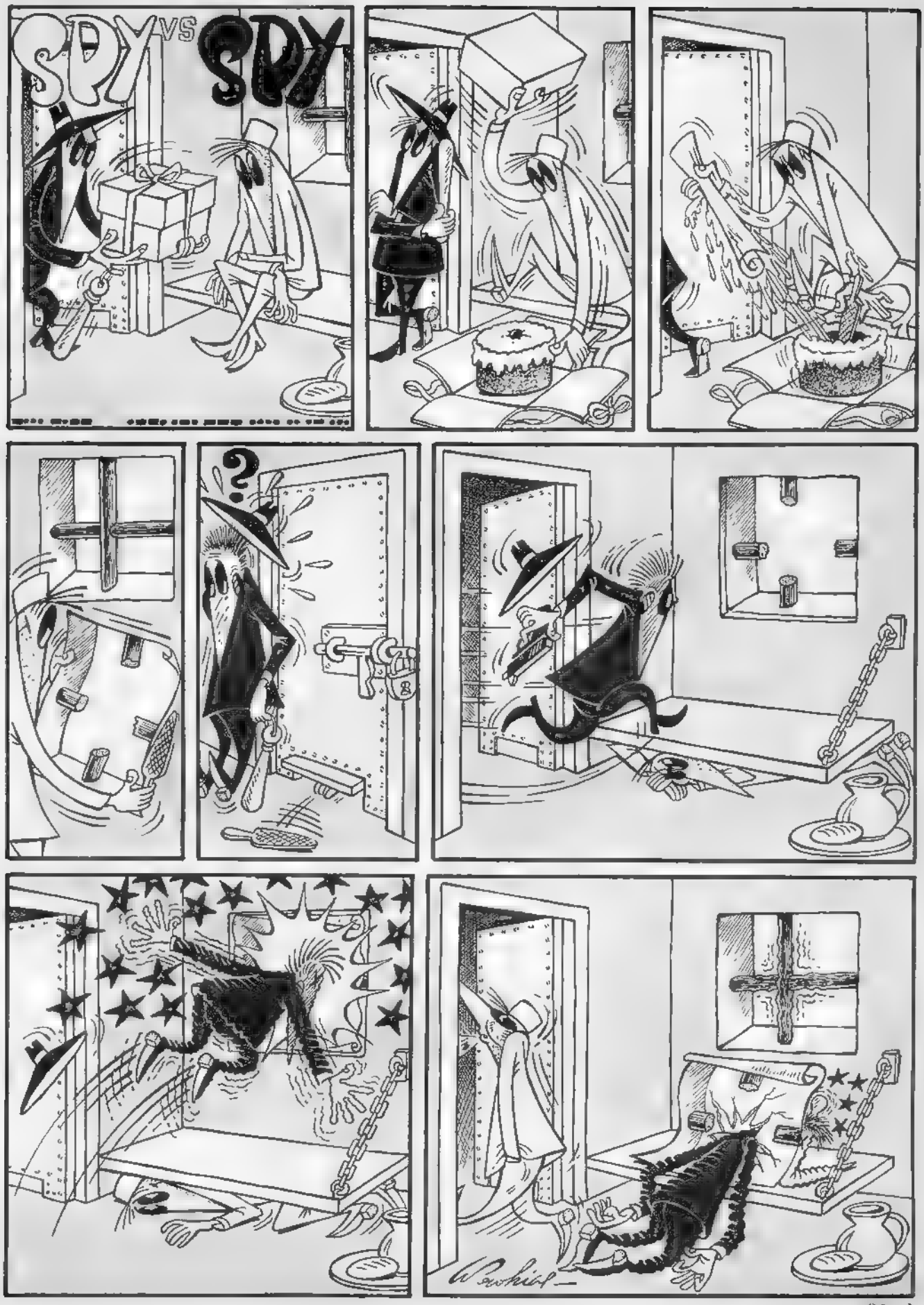
This is Mr. Trifniff.
He is head of the "Clean Minds Committee."
He strongly objects to today's loose morality.
Mr. Trifniff has had a hard day.
He has been out lecturing against Sex.
He has been out suing publishers of Sexy books.
He has been out threatening retailers of Sexy magazines.
He has been out picketing exhibitors of Sexy movies.
Now, Mr. Trifniff is very tired.
Tired, tired, tired.
He is relaxing in front of his Television set,
Watching people being shot and stabbed and strangled
And beaten and lynched and maimed and tortured.
Mr. Trifniff knows the difference
Between what is right . . . and what is wrong!

CHAPTER 10.



This is a Censor's stamp.
It is used to blot out dirty, offensive words
In books and magazines.
For example, it is used to blot out words like
CENSORED, and **CENSORED**,
Also **CENSORED**,
And especially **CENSORED**.
But some dirty, offensive words are never censored.
Words like "wop" and "kike" and "Polack" and "nigger"!
Is it possible that our Censors
Are full of **CENSORED**?

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II



THERE'S NO SCHOOL LIKE A SOUL SCHOOL DEPT.

Hi! My name is **Petey Dixie!** I'm a **dedicated Teacher** in the TV series that takes place here at fictional **Walt Witless High School,** where students of **every race** and **creed** learn what **Democracy is all about!**

Hey, Mr. Dixie! How come when the program **opens** each week, we show **White couples** and **Black couples,** but no **MIXED couples**—like maybe a **White girl** and a **Black boy?**

Because this is **TV**—not the **movies!** And TV **still isn't ready** to show what Democracy is **REALLY all about!**

In fact, it's **amazing** that we can even show that this school is **totally integrated!**

Yeah! Especially when it's actually located in an **all-White suburban** area, and no **Blacks** live anywhere near it!

BEAT CBS

WALT

SET 2

Anyway, here is MAD's version of the stimulating discussions and exciting confrontations that take place among my students in . . .

ROOM 2222ZZZZZZZ

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

It's a **real beauty,** isn't it?

It sure is, Mr. Kowman!

Now . . . would you do me a favor?

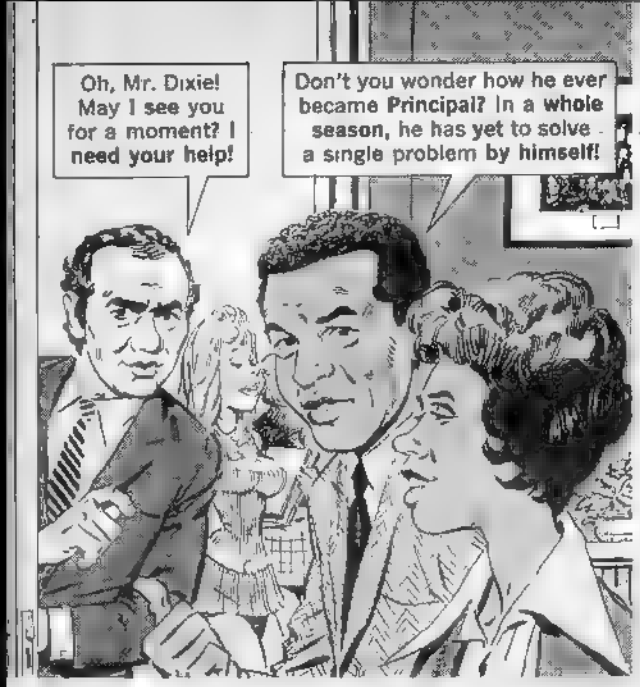
PARK HERE FOR SCHOOL

PRINCIPAL ONLY

GET IT OUT OF MY PARKING PLACE, AND PUT IT IN THE STUDENTS' LOT . . . WHERE IT BELONGS!!

HONK

PRINCIPAL ONLY


Oh, Mr. Dixie! May I see you for a moment? I need your help!
Don't you wonder how he ever became Principal? In a whole season, he has yet to solve a single problem by himself!

I just don't know how it happened, Petey! I can't believe it! Not in THIS school?
We—we - we've got to get RID of her!
Get rid of WHO, Mr. Kowman? And why??
That girl student! She—she—she's NOT BEAUTIFUL!!

Okay . . . now just one more to go!
One MORE? I don't understand!
17th ANNUAL BOOK BURNING
GIVE

I have to preserve our Student Body's perfect racial balance, don't I?
Sure you do!

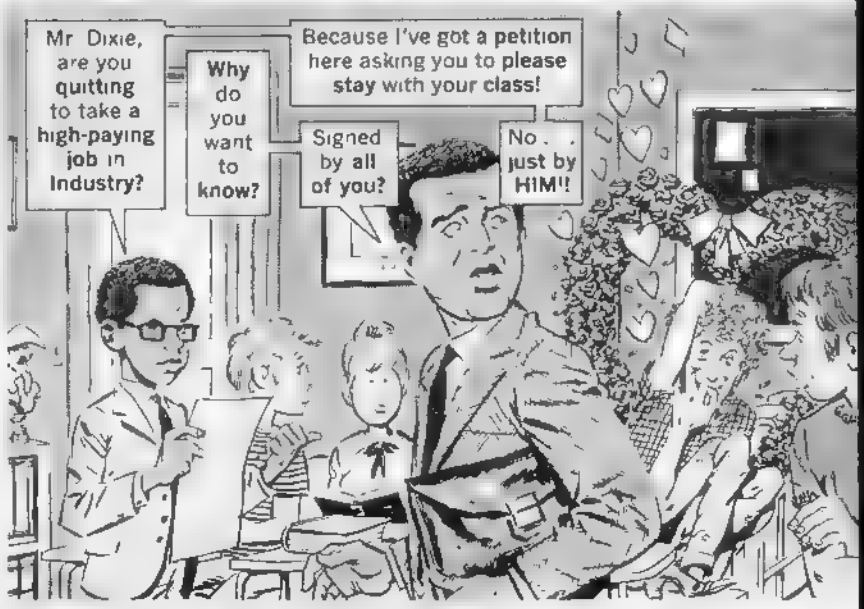
Arnold has a serious problem! He thinks he's in love with one of his teachers!
What's so serious about that!? It's typical adolescent behavior!
I don't know how TYPICAL it is! YOU'RE the teacher!!

Isn't it wonderful how "now" and "relevant" this series is?! And what makes it even more realistic is not having an Electronic Laugh Track Machine to yak it up every time I say something funny!
I don't know how to tell him this, but there IS an Electronic Laugh Track Machine! It just never thought he ever said anything funny!
PENCILS 5¢

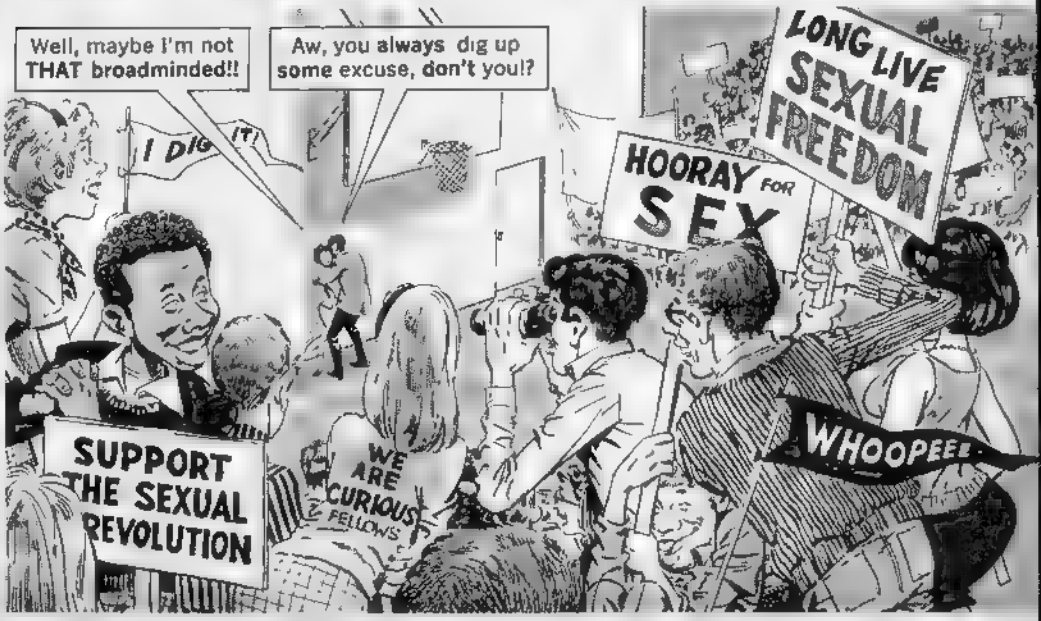
Mr. Dixie, these representatives from Private Industry have been waiting to speak to you!
Come to work for us, and you can be our "Token Personnel Manager"!
No! Work for my firm and you can be our "Token Vice-President"!
No, no! I can make you "Token Chairman of the Board" of any giant corporation of your choice!

Join us and you WON'T be a "Token" employee!
I won't be a "Token" employee?! That sounds interesting!
We start you in right at the bottom!
And then?
That's IT!

Gosh, I hope Petey doesn't leave us!
Because you'll be losing a great teacher?
No, because I'll have to fire a White teacher to preserve our FACULTY'S perfect racial balance!
ADMINISTRATION


Mr Dixie, are you quitting to take a high-paying job in Industry?
Why do you want to know?
Because I've got a petition here asking you to please stay with your class!
Signed by all of you?
No . . . just by HIM!!

Petey, we've got to stop meeting like this!
Why?! We're living in the age of the Sexual Revolution! We're both broadminded adults!


Well, maybe I'm not THAT broadminded!!
Aw, you always dig up some excuse, don't you!?
I DIG IT!
LONG LIVE SEXUAL FREEDOM
HOORAY FOR SEX
SUPPORT THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION
WE ARE CURIOUS FELLOWS
WHOOPEEE

I want you two to be aware that there's a demonstration planned to protest about the food served in this cafeteria!

Do you think there might be trouble!

I'm sure of it! There'll be lots of shouting and smashing, and the dietician might get beaten up!

How do you know all this?

Because I'm leading the demonstration! Did you ever taste this chicken salad?!

NAME YOUR POISON

It's either—YECCH!! —kill or be killed!

I want to be a Teacher so bad—but I don't think I can handle it!

Don't be ridiculous! If Petey can do it, you can do it!

CLINIC

Oh, look! I'd give anything in the world to be able to encourage student participation like that!

Don't worry! You'll find a way!

I—I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! That dopey Student Teacher of yours is actually handling a class! How does she do it??

Just one word—just one thing out of line—and I SCRAPE THEM!!

Take this, you fink!! And this!! And THIS!!

You should be ashamed! I . . . I trusted you! I believed in you! And look what you did!!

You mean because of Vietnam!?

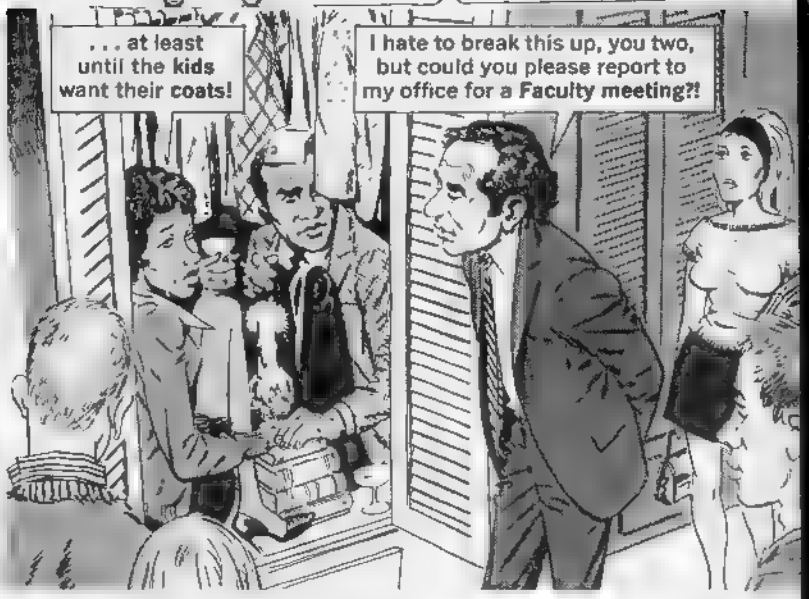
No, because he left teaching and went into politics!

HE'S my hero, NOW! He left politics, and he's gone into teaching!!

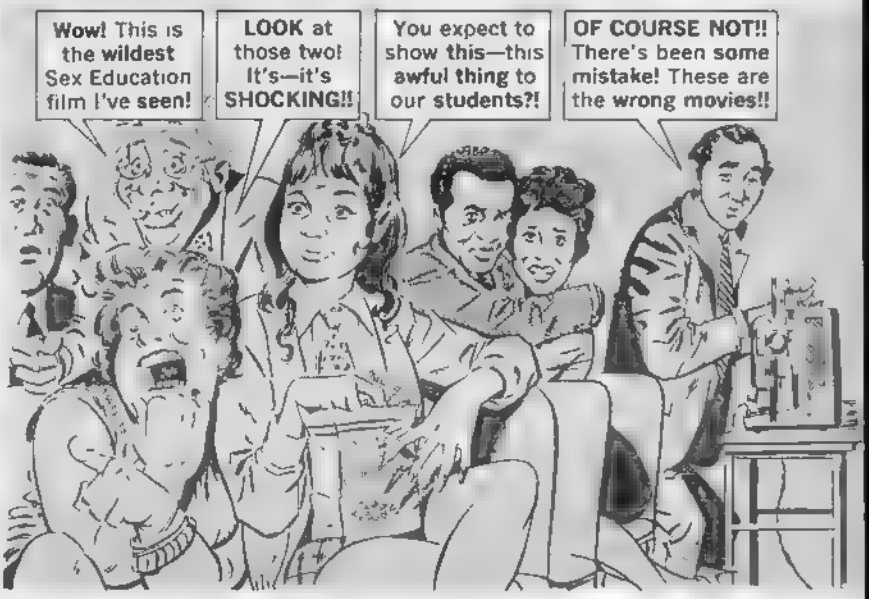
Yeah—but it wasn't his idea!!

FLIP

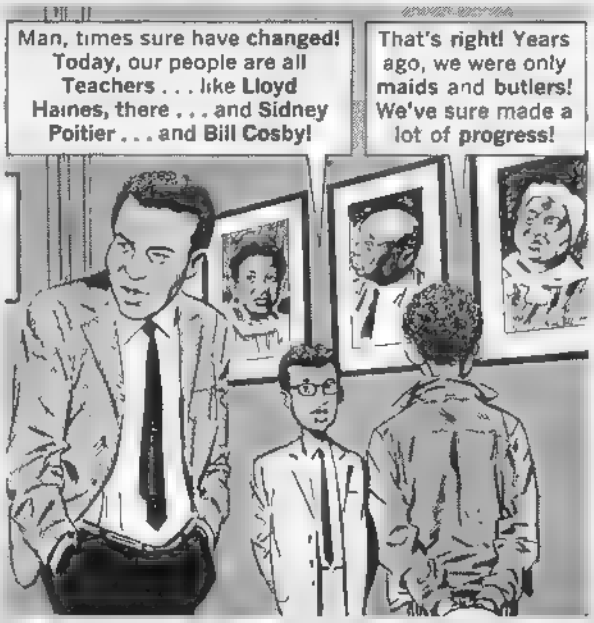
How about this? Isn't this romantic? Candlelight and champagne and just you and me . . . alone together . . .
Oh, yes, Petey, it is sort of romantic . . .

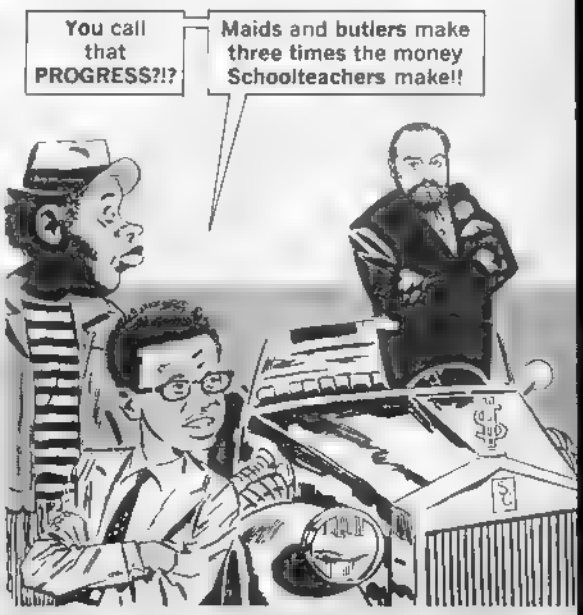

. . . at least until the kids want their coats!
I hate to break this up, you two, but could you please report to my office for a Faculty meeting?!

I've called this meeting because I want you all to see the new Sex Education film I've just received!
I think that Sex Education should be taken OUT of the classroom . . .
. . . and put back in the movie theatre balcony, where it belongs!!


Wow! This is the wildest Sex Education film I've seen!
LOOK at those two! It's—it's SHOCKING!!
You expect to show this—this awful thing to our students?!
OF COURSE NOT!! There's been some mistake! These are the wrong movies!!

These are the movies I took of Petey and Lizzie at the last Faculty picnic!!


Man, times sure have changed! Today, our people are all Teachers . . . like Lloyd Haines, there . . . and Sidney Poitier . . . and Bill Cosby!
That's right! Years ago, we were only maids and butlers! We've sure made a lot of progress!

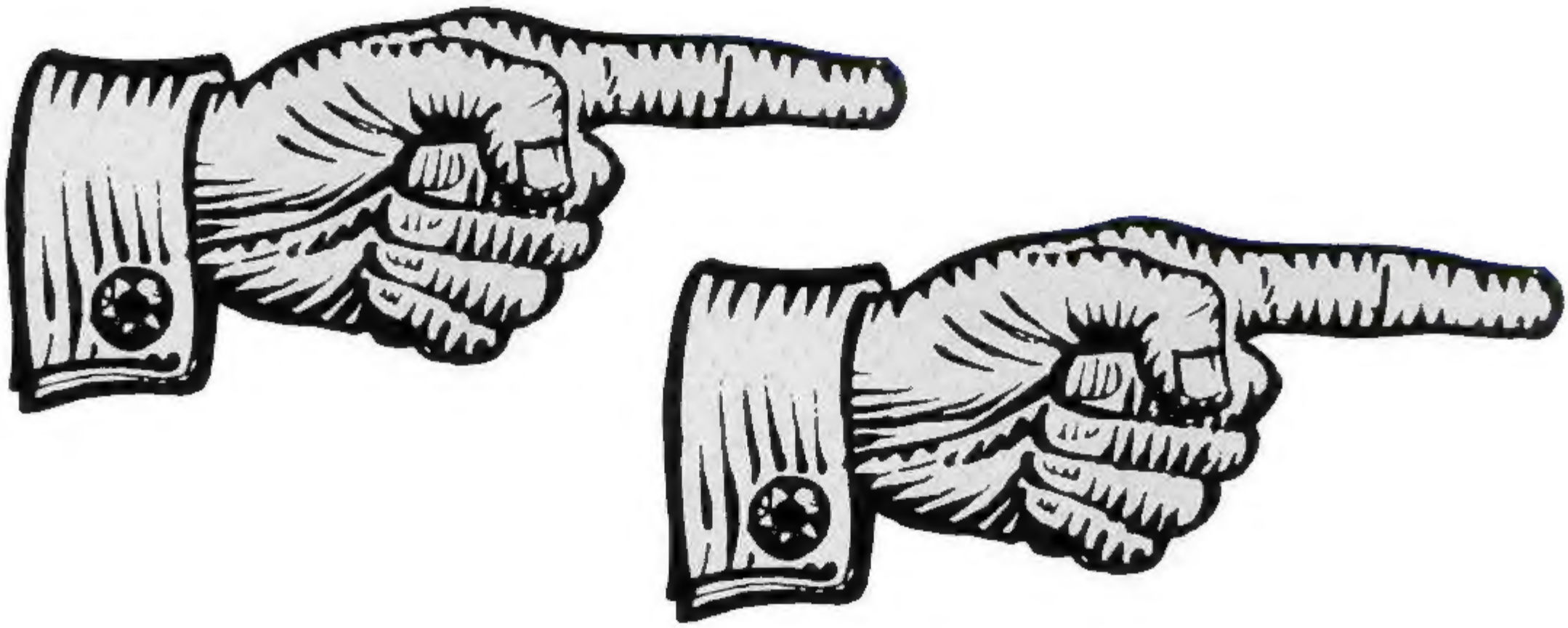

You call that PROGRESS?!?
Maids and butlers make three times the money Schoolteachers make!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE DAY IN A GARAGE

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT FORM OF INFLATION ARE MOST AMERICANS CONSTANTLY FIGHTING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

The dangers of inflation are apparent to us all. But there is one insidious form of inflation that is far more dangerous than the rest, and has occupied the minds of millions of Americans for years. Fold in page as shown to find out what it is!

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

GENERALLY, ALL THE ATTEMPTS AT COMBATTING INFLATION IN THIS ONE AREA HAVE FAILED TO PUT AN EFFECTIVE STOP TO IT

A▶ ◀B

WHAT FORM OF INFLATION ARE MOST AMERICANS CONSTANTLY FIGHTING?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

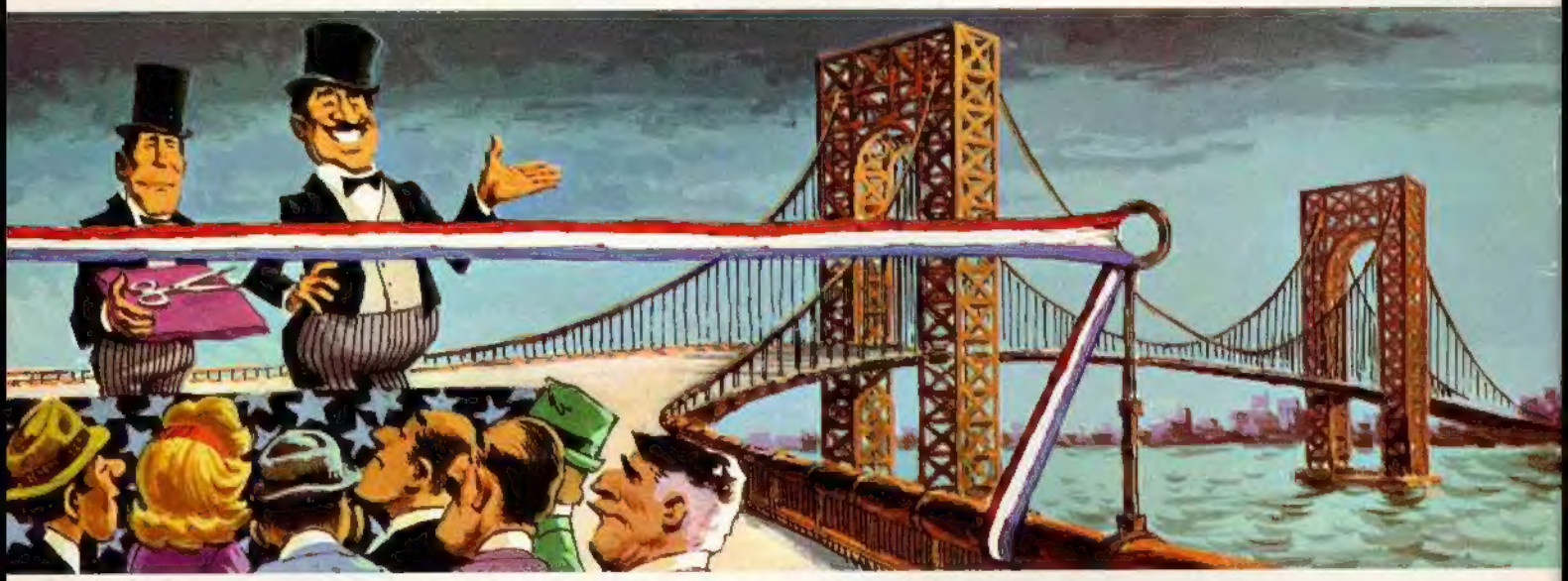
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

GETTING FAT

A▶◀B

Scenes We'd Like To See

THE RIBBON-CUTTING CEREMONY



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS